

# ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XVIII.

JANUARY, 1891.

NO. 3.

## A TALK ABOUT READING.

BY CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

If I owned a girl who had no desire to learn anything, I would swap her for a boy. If the boy did not desire to learn, I would trade him off for a violin or a Rookwood vase. You could get something out of a violin, and you could put something into the vase. The most useless of things is that into which you can put nothing, and from which you can get nothing. The boy or girl who has no wish to know anything is the one and becomes the other.

There is a great deal of talk in these days about reading, how to learn to read, and what to read. Now, there is nothing mysterious about reading any more than there is about seeing, and it is really no more credit to a person to be able to read than it is to be able to see, or to hear. The object of reading is exactly the same as the object of seeing and hearing—to get information. The notion that a person has gained an accomplishment when he has learned to read should be no more a source of pride than the fact that he can see and hear. It takes the puppy nine days to open his eyes, and it takes the infant a much longer time apparently

before he can distinguish one thing from another. When he can do this, we say he begins "to take notice." A boy may be able to read a long time before he begins to take notice. The use of seeing and hearing and reading is to establish relations with the world. The puppy does very well in this respect by the use of his eyes and his ears, but as he can not learn to read, he never gets as far as the boy, that is, as the boy who learns how to turn to account his ability to read. But as some boys seem to see or to hear little that is good, they also derive small benefit, and often great harm, from what they read. A boy can receive as much injury from bad reading as he can from bad conversation. So it appears that there is no moral quality in the mere ability to read. Reading only offers a chance of getting more information, on a greater variety of topics, than one can get by seeing and hearing.

The most agreeable way of getting information is by conversation. If you talk with a well-informed person, who can express clearly his ideas on any subject in which you are interested, you can ask questions, you can have explana-

tions, you can go over the subject until you thoroughly understand it, and searching out in this way, in the mind of another, a thing which you earnestly desire to know, you are more likely to remember it, and to profit by it. This is why a competent teacher is better than any textbook. Besides, talk inspires both the speaker and the listener—the one becomes more eager to know, and the other more eager to communicate.

Reading is a substitute for this sort of communication. You can not always meet the person who is familiar with the subject you are interested in: the man who has made the discoveries you wish to know about, the traveler who has seen the countries and the people concerning which you have or should have curiosity. Therefore you are usually obliged to go to the books that the scholar and the discoverer and the traveler have written. It is always only a means of getting what you want to know. If you meet one of these persons, and have no curiosity, and do not give heed to what he says, and have no capacity to take what he has to give, you will gain little by the association. And it is exactly so about reading. It seems, therefore, that knowledge of words and how they are put together in language, or ability to say them like a graphophone, is of little use unless you know how to read and what to read. One should read exactly as he would listen to a talk, or as he would look at an object about which he is anxious to increase his knowledge. And as he listens and looks to gratify his curiosity, he should read in the same spirit. The curiosity ought, of course, to be a clean and wholesome curiosity. It is just as unworthy of a decent boy to read what is silly or vulgar as it is to see and hear vulgar things. And it is not a good plan to read about things—that is, to take the testimony of others about things—that you can, with a little effort, find out for yourself. Get as much information as you can first hand, and use the book not to save labor, but to help your study of the matter in hand. Half the juvenile reading, books and stories—children's literature it is called—contains nothing that the intelligent child does not know or can not know by looking around and listening, and the reading of them not only is a waste of time and does

not stimulate the mind, but it gives a namby-pamby tone.

You should treat a book as you would a person with whom you are talking for information; that is, question it, read it over and turn back and try to get at the meaning; if the book itself does not answer the questions you raise, go to some other book, ask a dictionary or encyclopedia for an explanation. And if a book treated in this way does not teach you anything or does not inspire you, it is of no more service to you than the conversation of a dull, ignorant person. I just used the word "inspire." You do not read all books for facts or for information merely, but to be inspired, to have your thoughts lifted up to noble ideas, to have your sympathies touched, your ambition awakened to do some worthy or great thing, to become a man or a woman of character and consideration in the world. You read the story of a fine action or a heroic character—the death of Socrates, or the voyage of Columbus, or the sacrifice of Nathan Hale, or such a poem as "The Lady of the Lake"—not for information only, but to create in you a higher ideal of life, and to give you sympathy with your fellows and with noble purposes. You can not begin too young to have these ideals and these purposes, and therefore the best literature in all the world is the best for you to begin with. And you will find it the most interesting.

Reading, then, is the easiest way of being entertained, and it is the most convenient way of getting into your mind what you want to know. I do not think it is very serviceable to make a list of books for children to read. No two have exactly the same aptitudes, tastes, or kinds of curiosity about the world. And one story or bit of information may excite the interest of a class in one school, or the children in one family, which will not take at all with others. The only thing is to take hold somewhere, and to begin to use the art of reading to find out about things as you use your eyes and ears. I knew a boy, a scrap of a lad, who almost needed a high chair to bring him up to the general level of the dining table, who liked to read the encyclopedia. He was always hunting round in the big books of the encyclopedia—books about his own size—for what he wanted to know. He dug in it as another boy would dig in the

woods for sassafras root. It appeared that he was interested in natural history and natural phenomena. He asked questions of these books, exactly as he would ask a living authority, and kept at it till he got answers. He knew how to read. Soon that boy was an authority on earthquakes. He liked to have the conversation at table turn on earthquakes, for then he seemed to be the tallest person at the table. I suppose there was no earthquake anywhere of any importance but that he could tell where it occurred and what damage it did, how many houses it buried, and how many people it killed, and what shape it left the country it had shaken. From that he went on to try to discover what caused these disturbances, and this led him into other investigations, and at last into the study of electricity, practical as well as theoretical. He examined machines and invented machines, and kept on reading, and presently he was an expert in electricity. He knew how to put in wires, and signals, and bells, and to do a number of practical and useful things, and almost before he was able to enter the high-school, he had a great deal of work to do in the city, and three or four men under him. These men under him had not read as much about electricity as he had.

An active-minded boy or girl can find out a great deal about the world we live in by the habit of attention, by looking round; and he or she can get much inspiration from the example of good men and women. But this knowledge can be added to indefinitely by reading, and people will read if they have a genuine desire to know things, and are not, as we say, "too lazy to live." When I hear a boy say that he does not know what to read, I wonder if he has no

curiosity. Is there nothing that he wants to know about? Most children ask questions. It often happens that the persons they ask can not answer the questions. Now, it is the purpose of books to do just this thing which the particular person asked can not do. And that is about all there is in reading. Of course it must be borne in mind that curiosity is of many kinds: curiosity about facts, about emotions, about what happened long ago, about what is taking place now, about the people who lived ages ago, and the people who live now, about others, and about one's self. So it happens that one wants to read science, and poetry, and history, and biography, and romances, and the daily news.

It is quite impossible to lay down rules for reading that will suit all children, and generally difficult to map out a "course" to be inflexibly pursued by any one. But nearly every mind is or can be interested in something, and a very good plan is to encourage reading concerning the subject the child shows some curiosity about. One thing will certainly lead to another, for nothing is isolated in this world. Try to find out all you can about one thing, one fact in history, one person, the habits of one animal, the truth about one historical character; pursue this, and before you know it you will be a scholar in many things.

Do not forget that reading is a means to an end. The indulgence of it is good or bad according to the end in view. The mind is benefited by pursuing some definite subject until it is understood, but it is apt to be impaired by idly nibbling now and then, tasting a thousand things, and swallowing none, in short, by desultory reading.



## BARE BOUGHS AND BUDS.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

"Alas, alas, how the North wind grieves!"  
Said the black-ash tall, "I am losing my  
leaves!"

And "Well-a-day," sighed the elm-tree old,  
"I stand in a rain of my falling gold!"

And "Oh," cried the maple overhead,  
"On the dark ground rustles my robe of red!"

The birch-tree shook in a yellow shower,  
And glimmered more ghostly every hour;

While the silver poplar whispered loud  
As its shimmering leaves joined the flying  
crowd.

A sound of mourning filled all the land,  
For the trees grew barer on either hand.

But the little buds laughed on the twigs so  
brown  
That sprang from the branches up and down,

As tucked in safe, and glad, and warm,  
Ready to weather the winter storm,  
They waited patiently and still  
Till the wild, cold wind should have worked  
its will,

And blown the sad skies once more clear,  
And wakened from slumber the sweet New  
Year.

If you look, my child, at the tree-tops high,  
You 'll see them clustered against the sky,

The little brown buds that rock and swing,  
Dreaming all winter of coming spring!

And if when April comes again,  
You watch through the veil of her balmy rain,

You 'll see them pushing out leaves like wings,  
All crowned with the beauty that patience  
brings!



SANTA CLAUS IN TROUBLE.

# THE FORTUNES OF TOBY TRAFFORD.

By J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

*(Begun in the November number.)*

## CHAPTER IX.

### A BOAT-LOAD OF FIRE.

THE blaze started close by where Tom had been reclining, and where he had left his gun—a little smoldering nest at first that might so easily have been extinguished. But even Bertha's attention had been so completely absorbed by the boys' wrestling, that she was conscious of nothing else until a little snake-like, rustling, fiery head darted up at her.

Even then a dash of water might have sufficed to put it out. If there had only been a bucket on board!—or even a hat! There were both, within reach of the rake that Toby turned to clutch; but before either of them could be recovered, and used, the whole cargo of well-dried hay would be overrun by the flames. They were spreading with frightful rapidity, fanned by the breeze, and flashing over the loose edges of the load. Both boys were quite beside themselves with terror, and deserved neither much praise nor much blame for what they did in that awful crisis.

Tom obeyed a natural instinct, and caught his gun out of the flames, the first thing. Toby saw in despair the water of the lake all around, yet nothing to quench the fire with—nothing but his shoes. He caught up one, and began to dip and dash water with frantic energy; at the same time calling to Bertha to jump down into the stern. He thought afterwards he might have quenched the blaze, if she had heard and heeded him.

After her first wild scream she had not uttered a word. And all at once she had disappeared.

"Bertha! where are you?" he called, in a voice that was not much more than a hoarse, inarticulate cry.

He dropped the dripping shoe. He cared nothing more for the hay, nothing even for the boat.

"Where are you?" He was regaining his voice. And now the faint answer came:

"Here!"

Bertha had meant to do just as she was told; for she felt that everything depended upon her brother and Toby. But she had not understood Toby's order. And she too, though perhaps the most self-possessed of the three, had obeyed instinct rather than reason; and instead of slipping quickly down into the stern, and so getting past and behind the fire, while there was yet time, she had retreated before it, and was now at the other end of the boat, with the flames between her and the two boys.

There was no longer any hope of saving anything. Tom, knowing that it was his matches that had done the mischief, quite lost his head. "What will become of us?" he cried out in an agony of consternation, throwing first his gun overboard, then his dog, then jumping over himself.

We are excitable mortals, and few of us can depend upon keeping cool in a frightful emergency. But a generous person's impulses will nearly always be right, and it is a consolation after the event, to remember that one's foremost thought was not a selfish regard for his own welfare.

When Tom went into the water, Toby went into the fire. At the height of the danger, his only thought was of Bertha. What he did as he scrambled after her, through the crawling edge of the flames, was so little a matter of calculation that he was no more aware of dragging an oar after him, than of scorching his clothes and burning his hands and feet. He had scarcely passed by, when the whole stack behind him burst into a pyramid of fire.

He found Bertha clinging to the forward slope, on the swiftly narrowing verge between two deaths, the flames before and the water behind. If she remained where she was, she

would be burned. If she let go, she would fall into the lake, and the boat would pass over her. Every child, every girl as well as every boy, should learn to swim. But this pleasant and useful ac-

complishment Bertha had never been allowed to acquire.

She had quite

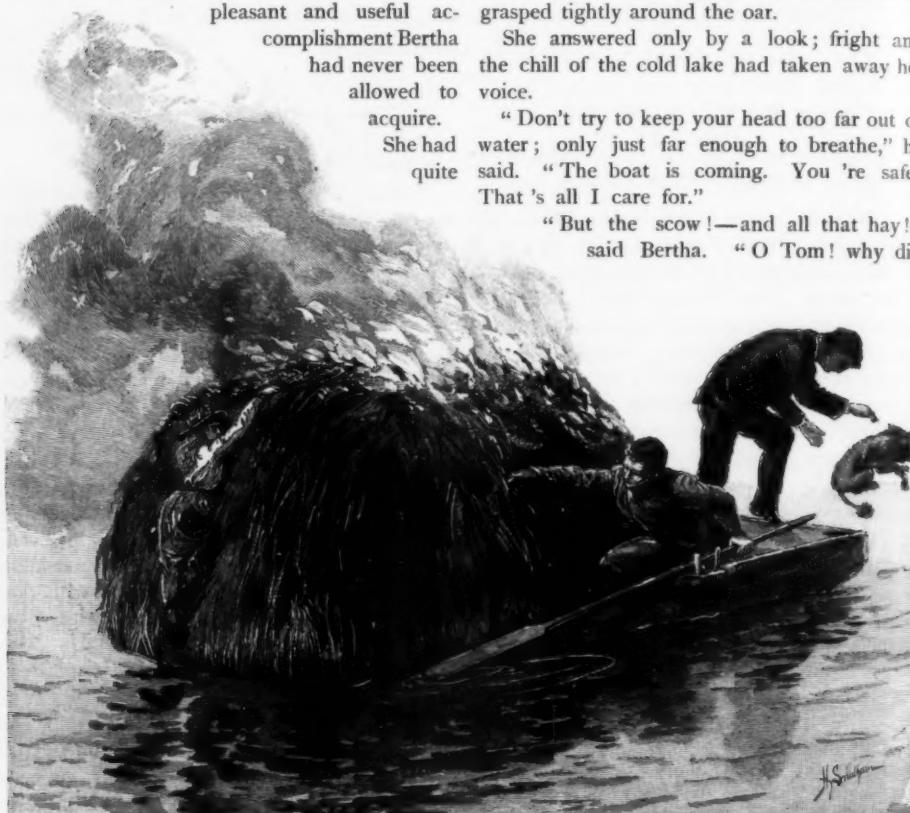
leaped in after her. And the tower of fire swept by, casting on them its terrible glare.

"Are you all right?" he asked, swimming beside her, and seeing that she had both hands grasped tightly around the oar.

She answered only by a look; fright and the chill of the cold lake had taken away her voice.

"Don't try to keep your head too far out of water; only just far enough to breathe," he said. "The boat is coming. You're safe! That's all I care for."

"But the scow!—and all that hay!" said Bertha. "O Tom! why did



"TOM QUITE LOST HIS HEAD. 'WHAT WILL BECOME OF US?' HE CRIED OUT, THROWING HIS DOG OVERBOARD AND JUMPING OVER HIMSELF."

given herself up for lost, when Toby went over to her.

"Oh, Toby!" was all she could gasp out, in the sudden hope of deliverance his appearance brought.

He pulled her to one side of the bow.

"Hold this oar!" He put the blade into her arms, which he made her clasp about it. "Hug it! Don't let go, for your life! Slide! slide! you sha'n't drown!"

And keeping hold of the handle, he launched her and the oar together into the lake, giving her a hard push away from the boat. Then he

you?" And her excitement broke forth in shivering sobs.

Tom was within hearing. He had been swimming aimlessly about, uttering short, mad yells for help, Bozer swimming and yelping at his side; a situation that would have been comical under less serious circumstances. At sight of Toby and Bertha, he struck out toward them.

"'T was n't my fault!" he whimperingly declared. "I don't know how it happened! I'm so glad for you, Bertha! I thought you were a goner!"

He seemed anxious to do something to assist.  
"That oar is n't the thing. Here 's a board."

It was the thwart, which Toby had a faint recollection of having himself thrown over, that it might serve some such purpose as this. But Bertha would not accept it, nor loose her hold of the oar Toby had put into her grasp.

#### CHAPTER X.

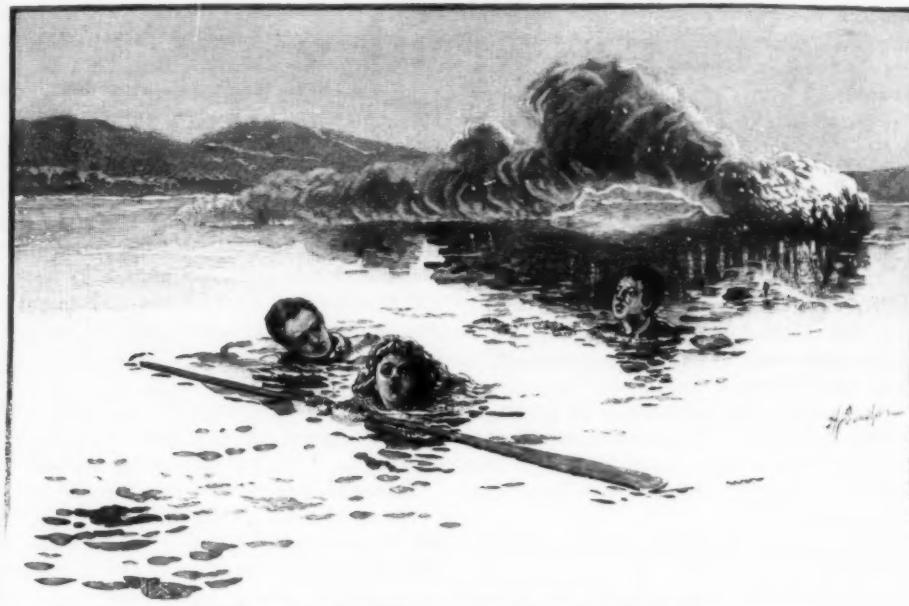
##### YELLOW JACKET TO THE RESCUE.

AND now rescue was at hand. The blazing hay had been observed by the boys on the shore, before they heard Tom's cries for help. Yellow Jacket sprang to his boat, and pushed it off, taking Lick Stevens into it with him; and here they came, the yellow shirt with the sus-

drew her into the boat, with only such assistance as Toby could lend.

The village idler was a sort of hero in his way. A worthless member of industrious society, he was just the fellow for an occasion like this. He was an accomplished diver, who had already saved two boys from drowning, when they had the cramps in deep water; and his only regret now was that Bertha had not sunk at least once, so that he could have had the satisfaction of bringing her up from the lake bottom.

Toby clung to the side of the boat and hoisted the dripping girl over the rail; then he climbed in himself. Tom followed. But Tom was reluctant to leave the spot. He was mourning for his gun.



"ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?" TOBY ASKED, SWIMMING BESIDE HER."

penders crossed on the back conspicuous above the prow which was rushing high out of water.

It was Yellow Jacket who rowed, and he rowed manfully. It was Yellow Jacket who guided the course of the boat, backed water with powerful arms as it approached Bertha and Toby, and, dropping his oars, seized hold of her before Lick Stevens could get a chance, and

"I think we can see it, somewhere, as soon as the water gets still," he said, looking down into the lake. "And you can fetch it up in no time," he said to Yellow Jacket. "I 'll give you five dollars if you will."

"Hang your five dollars, and your gun, and you too!" said the hero, disdainfully.

He had probably never earned so much

money, at a single job, in his life. But, whatever his faults may have been, avarice was not one of them.

"This girl is going home the first thing!" and once more he clapped oars in rowlocks. "This boat"—he was always bragging of his leaky old skiff, and he could n't forbear even now—"this boat is worth her weight in Californy gold!"

Toby begged the privilege of rowing; but no, Yellow Jacket must have the glory of the rescue all to himself. Toby, however, had taken in the oar that floated Bertha; and the other, adrift with the hats and one of the rakes, he recovered when those were picked up. There was another set of rowlocks; and now there was another pair of pulling oars.

The exercise was not only a relief to Toby's mind; it was also a good thing for his body, after the drenching he had had while heated from his recent exertions. He now became aware that his hands had suffered from the fire. But he scarcely minded the pain of pulling the oars.

Bertha sat in the bow, behind Yellow Jacket, where he had placed her. He would have been jealous even of Tom's being near her, if he had n't regarded Tom also as one whose life he had saved. Lick Stevens was at the stern, facing Toby.

"How in the name of gumption, boys," Lick called out, "did you manage to burn up your load of hay?"

Toby drew a long breath, with his oar stroke, but made no reply. Tom was hesitating as to his explanation, which, once made—he was now cool enough to reflect—must be adhered to afterward.

"Did it with your cigarette, did n't ye, Tom?" said Lick.

"No, I did n't. I did n't light my cigarette at all," Tom replied, in an agitated voice.

"Oh, Tom!" Bertha remonstrated. "You know you were going to!"

"What of that?" said Tom. "I would n't have been any harm. I know how to light my cigarette, and take care of the fire. But Toby pitched into me, and knocked my matches out of my hand,—or something,—I don't know just what; and first we knew, the hay was all afire!"

"That so, Toby?" Lick asked.

"Somehow so," Toby answered. "Though in one sense, not so at all. But he can have it that way, if he likes. I'm willing to take my share of the blame."

He uttered these short, detached sentences between the strokes of his oars, and refused to say more. Tom, however, continued to talk, laying all the blame upon Toby; interrupted only by occasional remonstrances from Bertha, such as, "Oh, Tom! how can you?"

"No use talking!" struck in Yellow Jacket. "I've got you all safe. And what's a little hay?—or an old scow like that?"

Lick Stevens laughed.

"What do you think was the first thing Bob Brunswick blurred out when we saw the fire?"

"Something about their boat, I suppose," said Tom.

"Yes! 'It's our square-toed packet,' says he; 'won't Pa be mad!'"

"It was Toby's doing, borrowing that," said Tom, who should have added that the borrowing had been done with his cordial approval.

Toby was minded to say that; but his heart sank within him, and he uttered no comment.

In the excitement of saving Bertha he had cared little for the scow. But he remembered well that it had been lent to him personally and that he had accepted the responsibility. And he now perceived, with miserable forebodings, that the entire burden of blame was to fall upon his shoulders.

"T was a magnificent sight, anyway!" Lick Stevens declared, showing how much he had enjoyed it. "If it had only been in the night!"

Yellow Jacket's point of view was different.

"I saved a life in the night once. And I did n't have a blazing load of hay for a candle, neither! I jest had to grope. Dove three times, clawing about on the bottom like an absent-minded crab. But there wa' n't nothing very absent-minded about *me*! I mos' generly know what I'm about, when I go saving lives. If I did n't, the census would be different by a figger or two!"

The scow was still floating with its freight of fire. But the flames no longer shot up into the air. The loose outside hay having been consumed, they gradually subsided, and the whole

became a smoldering and smoking heap, with a pulsing underglow, and little red tongues quivering here and there through the blackened surface, and with a fringe of fire around the lower edges, where the boat had become ignited.

Then Yellow Jacket had to tell how he would have saved the scow if he had not had more important business on hand.

"I'd have gone alongside, and with my bailer I'd have kep' her sides wet, and finally have

within thirty or forty feet jest where your rifle sunk. Even if I could find it, I'd rather bring a drowned body to the surface any day. When I git holt of a drowned body my fust lookout allers is that the drowned body sha'n't git holt of me. Then I—"

But we may as well omit the thrilling details.

"I'll sell you *my* rifle now," said Lick Stevens, "cheap. And it's a better gun than yours ever was. To-day's shooting proves that."



"BERTHA SAT IN THE BOW BEHIND YELLOW JACKET, WHERE HE HAD PLACED HER."

got water enough into her to sink her. She might 'a' got scorched a little about the gills."

"And so might you," said Tom. "You could n't have stood the heat. It was just awful before I went overboard!"

"What did you throw your gun away for?" Lick asked.

"To save it," said Tom.

"You saved it wit' a vengeance!" said Yellow Jacket. "You never 'll see it again. I've had too much experience as a diver to give three cents for your chance."

This opinion, from the lips of an expert, Tom found depressing.

"You can get it, without half trying," he said. "Just remember where it went down."

"I would n't take the contract," replied Yellow Jacket, exaggerating in advance the difficulties of what he really meant to undertake. "It's muddy bottom out there; and you can't tell

Tom was not consoled by this offer. He remained silent the rest of the way, rehearsing in his mind the account he should give of the accident on reaching home.

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE STORY TOBY TOLD.

THE end of the lane was near, and soon the boat struck gravel. In a moment Toby was at the bow, helping Bertha, and asking anxiously how she was.

"I don't mind the drenching a bit," she cried cheerily, jumping ashore with the support of his hand. "Excitement has kept me warm."

Yet in her clinging garments, and with her wet, heavy hair hanging down her back, she looked blue and pale, and very different from the radiant child he had so lately seen come whistling and dancing down to the shore! She did not

speak a word of blame, neither did she utter a word of praise or thanks for anything he had done. He would have been glad to see her home, notwithstanding his own drenched clothes, and his bare, blistered feet. But he dreaded to meet her father; and he felt that nothing he might say could compete with Tom's version of the adventure.

Rumors of it had already reached the village. People were coming down to the shore to learn more about it, and to see the last of the burning boat. Toby had started for home, carrying the oars, which were all that he had saved from the scow, when, looking back from the beach, along which he was painfully picking his way, he saw Mr. Tazwell approach with long strides and meet Tom and Bertha. Bertha was hidden in the lane, by the fence; but Mr. Tazwell towered above it, bending eagerly forward, while Tom gesticulated and talked loud. Toby could hear Tom's voice, without understanding his words; and see him point now at the smoking scow, now at Yellow Jacket and Lick Stevens, and more than once at the wretched culprit, Toby himself.

For if not a culprit in his own eyes, he knew that he was, or would be, in the eyes of others. There was wrath and condemnation even in the stoop of Mr. Tazwell's shoulders, when he turned to look at Toby over the fence, as Tom pointed.

"I shall get all the blame," he said to himself, as he tramped on, avoiding as well as he could the neighbors who came down, across their back lots, to meet and question him.

"Well! You are a pretty looking object, I must say!" was Mildred's sisterly greeting, the moment he entered the house. "Where *have* you been?" she exclaimed, looking at him from head to feet.

"I 've been in the lake, for one thing. Have n't you heard about it? Almost everybody else has. Did n't you see the fire?"

"What fire?"

"What fire!" echoed Toby, with a bitter laugh. "Well! I 'm glad you did n't know what I was going through, just now. Mother!" he said in brave accents, but with a tremor of emotion, as Mrs. Trafford entered the room, "what do you think of your young hopeful?"

"Why, Tobias!" she said in amazement, "what has happened? Have you been in the water?"

"I 've been in the water—and I 've been in the fire—and I 've been in one of the prettiest little scrapes, on the whole, that you ever heard of! Give me some salve to put on my burns, and I 'll tell you about it. Or, maybe I 'd better take off my wet clothes first."

"Your burns, my son!" exclaimed his mother, examining him with alarmed solicitude while Mildred ran for the salve. "Your hands!—and your ankles! Why, Tobias!"

"It 's nothing serious," said Toby. "Only a little smarting. How are my eyebrows? I thought they got a singe. It was just the foolishest piece of business ever you heard of! There! That makes them feel better!" as Mrs. Trafford applied the salve. "Now I shall be all right. My clothes got it a little, I think."

"No matter about the clothes, since they did n't take fire and burn you worse. Do tell me about it, my son! I thought you went for the hay."

"So I did, mother." Toby had seated himself in a kitchen chair, to have his feet attended to, and was now in no hurry to change his clothes. "And we had a big boat-load of it—Mr. Brunswick's scow, which I borrowed. And I tell you, it was lucky you did n't go with us, Milly, as Bertha did! I don't know what we should have done if there had been two girls!"

"Bertha!—did anything happen to *her*?" cried Mildred.

"She was on top of the load, and Tom and I were in the stern, where there was just room to turn about and manage the boat, when Tom—I don't know just how to tell it," said Toby, "for I don't want to say a word that is n't true, and we were all so excited—but I 'm sure about the main points. Tom undertook to light his cigarette."

"On the hay?" said Mildred.

"Right on the hay."

"Oh, how foolish!" groaned Mrs. Trafford.

"Foolish is no word for it; he was crazy," cried Toby, with growing excitement, "and I told him so."

"So he set the hay afire?" said his mother.

"Well," said Toby, "I 'll tell you. I sup-

pose I was partly to blame for that. Bertha was frightened, and as he would n't mind when I told him to put up his matches, but started to strike one, I tried to stop him. The first one got broken; he will say that was my fault, and maybe it was. Then he got out another, and because I would n't let him light it, he undertook to throw me into the lake. The fire broke out while we were having our squabble; and that 's how it got such a start. Whether the end of his first match was lighted when it flew off, and dropped into the hay; or whether his second match, or his whole bunch of matches, fell and got stepped on, I don't know, and I don't believe he does, or that anybody ever will know."

"But I can't see that you were to blame at all, for trying to stop him," said Mildred, eagerly; "and Bertha was on the load!"

"Yes; and you can imagine the situation. Hay dry as tinder, all bursting into a blaze; just wind enough to fan it, and nothing to dip water with! I had taken off my shoes and stockings, so I could step into the shallows, when we got the boat off. The shoes were in the stern, and I started to use one of them for a dipper, but the fire was spreading too fast. It was between us and Bertha; she was driven over to the other end of the load by it. That 's the way I got scorched—going to her. I got her off into the water, with an oar—one of the big, clumsy oars that belonged to the scow—to keep her afloat. Then Yellow Jacket came in his boat with Lick Stevens, and picked us all up. And here I am," said Toby; "not exactly as happy as a clam at high water, but happy enough, to think how much worse it might have been."

"If Bertha had been burned or drowned!—or you, my son!" said the widow, with wet eyes, and in tremulous tones.

"There was n't much danger, so far as I was concerned," replied Toby. "But it was a rather close squeak for her! It makes me feel old when I think of it."

Suddenly he burst out laughing.

"What do you think Tom did? Threw his gun and dog in the lake, then jumped in after them, and let the pitchfork and one rake burn! As if a water-dog like that would n't have taken care of himself, as soon as he saw his master

go overboard! But the gun will be a more serious matter, if he can't find it. And the scow,"—Toby grew sober once more,—“that's the most I care for now.”

“Surely Mr. Tazwell can't refuse to make good the loss,” remarked his mother.

“One would say not. But there 's no knowing what he 'll do or won't do. I must go on and speak to Mr. Brunswick about it, at once.”

“You can't go, my son, with those feet!”

“I can't go with anybody else's. The soles did n't get burnt; only the ankle and instep of this one, and the other just a trifle. I need n't change my clothes; they are drying on me. Give me another pair of socks; and my low shoes, Milly, that 's a good girl! I never will speak another cross word to her in my life!” he said to himself, touched by her sympathy and devotion as she hastened to wait on him.

If she had stopped to think of it, she would surely have made a similar resolution,—such a dear, good, generous brother as he was! And yet how long was it, do you suppose, before the two were teasing and pestering each other again, as of old?

How easy it seems to turn over a new leaf! And yet how hard it sometimes is, with the breath of a bad habit always blowing it back!

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE STORIES OTHER PEOPLE TOLD.

Toby's mother insisted on his putting on dry clothes; which done, he reclined on the kitchen lounge, with his feet up, while he put fresh salve on his burns, laid on cool linen, and drew a pair of loose socks over all.

As he was thus engaged, the door-bell rang, and Mildred went to answer it. In their altered circumstances, since the failure, the Traffords had no servant, except on two days in the week, when Mrs. Patterson (mother of Yellow Jacket) came in for the heavy household work.

The visitor was Mr. Frank Allerton, the schoolmaster, who inquired for Tobias.

“Bring him in here,” said Toby. “He won't mind.”

“In the kitchen!” said Mildred, blushing. “What are you thinking of?”

"He has seen a kitchen before, and never a neater one, I warrant!" replied Toby.

"He will excuse everything, under the circumstances; it will be better than to keep him waiting," said the mother.

So Mildred went to show the master in. He wore his blue frock coat, with a pink in the button-hole; and he paused to pat the little coil of hair on the top of his head as he crossed the entry.

"Well, Tobias, what's this I hear?" he said, bowing to Mrs. Trafford, and advancing to take the boy's hand, which, however, Toby withheld.

"You will please excuse him from rising, and from shaking hands," said Mrs. Trafford. "I was just dressing his burns."

"Burns!" said the master. "I have n't heard anything about burns. I was told that you had been in the lake."

"I made a mistake in not going into the lake first," replied Toby. "I went into the fire first; and it was a very bad blunder. But the burns are nothing to speak of. It's not the burn, but the salve," laughingly showing his anointed fingers, "that prevents my shaking hands."

"This is my mother, Mr. Allerton," said Mildred, who had been waiting for Toby to make the introduction.

"Oh yes! I forgot!" said Toby.

"You always do forget," said Mildred, in an undertone, placing a chair for the visitor.

Mrs. Trafford made no apology for receiving Mr. Allerton in the kitchen. Having already dressed the worst burns, she proceeded to bandage Toby's hands, which he declared did not need bandaging. He finally consented to have his right hand done up, provided she would leave his left hand free. That was the hand that had dragged the oar through the outer edge of the fire, and had suffered less than the other.

Mr. Allerton took a seat by the lounge, and inquired how the hay took fire.

"Have n't you heard?" said Toby, anxious to know what sort of a story had got about.

"I heard you boys were having your Fourth of July a little in advance," replied the master, smiling; "and that you, Tobias, lighted some fire-crackers on the boat-load of hay. How was it?"

"Oh, Mr. Allerton!" exclaimed Mildred,

while Toby sat silent with astonishment, "do you think my brother would do such a silly thing as that?"

"With Bertha Tazwell on the load with them?" added the mother.

"I confess," said the master, "it did n't seem to me very probable. Another account I heard was that he was smoking a cigarette; but I knew he did n't smoke. You see how the most recent events get twisted about in the telling—and how what we call history gets written!"

"And what do they say of Tom Tazwell?" Toby asked, with a curious smile playing about his lips.

"He was in the same boat with you, in both a figurative and a literal sense. The fire-crackers were some you two had taken out of the store; he furnished the matches, and you lighted them."

"And what about Yellow Jacket?"

"The Patterson boy?" said the master. "It seems he was the hero of the hour. He rowed to the spot at the critical moment, and caught the Tazwell girl by the hair just as she was sinking for the third time. He had already thrown off his coat and shoes in order to dive for her, when fortunately her curls floated to the surface."

"Oh, what whoppers!" Mildred exclaimed, but immediately clapped her hand on her lips, blushing deeply. "I mean the stories that were told to you, Mr. Allerton."

Toby made no comment. He was sitting with his head down, trying to put on a shoe without hurting his foot.

"Let me," said his mother.

"Let you what?" he replied with a laugh, looking up suddenly. "I have n't been scorched. I have n't been in the water. There was n't any load of hay. It's all make-believe, from first to last."

"I saw the boat still afloat and smoking, as I came in," replied the master. "But I don't wonder, Tobias, that you should speak as you do. Was the Yellow Jacket episode all an invention, too?"

"No, and that's the provoking part of it. There's a little truth in everything you have said. Yellow Jacket was on the spot, and I have n't a word to say against his being the hero of the hour. But, facts are facts. There

was never a life more easily saved than Bertha Tazwell's."

"After you had got her off the boat, out of the fire and into the water, with an oar to keep her afloat!" Mildred struck in eagerly.

"Never mind about that," said Toby. "She was afloat, like Tom and me; and there was no immediate danger of anybody's drowning when Yellow Jacket came in his boat, with Aleck Stevens, and picked us all up. He behaved well; nobody could have done better; but as to the floating curls, just as she was sinking for the third time—that!" snapping the fingers of his best hand, with a laugh.

"Bertha has n't any curls, to begin with," said Mildred; "she wears her hair in a wavy fleece on her neck."

"As good as curls to catch hold of," said Toby, "provided there was any truth in the story. She did n't even get the top of her head wet, I let her off into the lake so easy-like!"

He went on to repeat his own account of the accident, as briefly and simply as possible. It did not occur to him to take any credit to himself for doing all in his power to avert a calamity which he had done something to bring on.

"I ought not to have meddled with Tom and his matches in the way I did; that's a fact. If all I could say did no good, then I ought to have let him alone. And so I would have done, if it had n't been for Bertha's being aboard. I would have taken care of myself. But with his sister right there on the hay, I could n't help it. I had to interfere!"

Mr. Allerton looked earnestly at the boy, and gave two or three gentle nods, with a peculiar smile. Toby hoped he would say, "I don't see that you could have acted differently"; but he remarked merely:

"I am very glad to have heard your version

of the affair, Tobias. And I think I know of one or two mothers who are thankful it was no worse."

He extended his hand to Mrs. Trafford as he rose to go.

"I am thankful, indeed!" said the widow in a quivering voice, and with suffused eyes. "I am thankful, too, and have been for a long while," she added, "for the interest you have taken in my son. He has needed such a counselor, and your talks with him have done him good."

It was Mr. Allerton's turn to betray emotion in his tones.

"What a man in my position has to say to boys is often regarded by them as an impertinence," he replied. "It is to your son's credit, rather than mine, if he has taken it in a different spirit."

Toby had risen, too. "I am going out with you," he said.

"Oh, Tobias, are you able?" remonstrated his mother.

"Of course; it does n't hurt me at all to step," said Toby. "I must go over and tell Mr. Brunswick about his scow, the first thing."

"I have no doubt he has heard of it," said the master, with a smile.

"If he has heard of it a hundred times," Toby replied, "I should think I ought to go and tell him myself. Though I dread it!"

"I 'll walk along with you," said Mr. Allerton.

Encouraged by what Mrs. Trafford had said to him,—for he was a shy and diffident man,—he gave Mildred his hand at parting, and felt his heart warmed by the glistening, grateful look that beamed in her bright eyes. Then giving his little wad of hair a final, unconscious twist, he put on his hat in the entry, and went out with Toby.

*(To be continued.)*



## LITTLE LIZETTE.

BY KATHERINE S. ALCORN.

As little Lizette was out walking one day,  
Attired with great splendor in festal array,  
She met little Gretchen, in sober-hued gown,  
With a basket of eggs, trudging off to the  
town.

“Good-morning! Good-morning!” cried little  
Lizette,

“You have n’t been over to visit me yet.  
Come over and live with me always; pray do.  
For I have no sisters; how many have  
you?”

“Nein,” answered wee Gretchen. Lizette  
cried, “Ah, me!  
I have to pretend I have sisters, you see.

But try as I will, I can’t make it seem true.  
And I have no brothers. How many have  
you?”

“Nein,” answered wee Gretchen. “Nine!”  
echoed Lizette,

“Why, you are the luckiest girl I have met!  
And have you a baby at home, tell me now?”

“Nein,” answered wee Gretchen, and made a  
droll bow.

Then lingered Lizette by the roadside that day,  
To watch the wee maiden go trudging away.  
“Nine brothers, nine sisters, nine babies to pet!  
Oh, I wish I was Gretchen!” sighed little  
Lizette.

## A GREAT INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.

BY H. M. NEALE.

SOME of the boys and girls who read *St. NICHOLAS* may not understand just what an industrial school is; please allow me to tell, in a general way, what it includes and how it differs from other schools.

Industrial education means one thing in Europe and quite another in America. In France, Germany, Russia, and some other European countries, children are taught in the public schools, not general knowledge, as with us, but just enough of arithmetic, geometry, drawing, and mechanics to fit them for the trade by which they expect to earn their living. For instance, when a boy enters school there, he is usually allowed a week or ten days to try his hand at each one of several trades which interest him, and is then expected to choose that for which he is best adapted, and upon choosing he becomes (we will say) a watchmaker for life. It is not really necessary that he should know anything about Latin or Greek, history, literature, or advanced mathematics, and so he is kept at those studies only which will help him to become a good watchmaker. Such training is called "industrial" because it educates for an especial industry.

In America, we believe that all boys and girls should have a certain amount of general knowledge quite independent of the occupations they may intend to follow after graduation, and until within a few years, only such knowledge has been taught in our schools. But wise men who have studied educational matters very carefully have come to the conclusion that Americans have paid too little attention to training the eye and hand: that children are taught to learn things from their books, but do not use their eyes to observe carefully; and so, by and by, when they wish to work with their hands they are not well prepared to do so. They say, too, that young people ought to learn how to make things with their hands

and how to use tools, not chiefly because they may need to know these things in order to earn a living, but because drawing and constructing help them to acquire habits of accuracy, decision, and quick judgment, and because these studies teach such habits far better than any other branches. Others say that since a large proportion of the scholars who graduate from our schools must earn a living by working with their hands, the eye and hand should be trained to careful perception and skillful imitation; and that just as the present literary system assists the boy who is to become a lawyer or a minister, or the girl who is to teach or to write, so manual training should be given to teach the use of tools and the properties of materials, which are essential to the understanding of all industries.

This training of the hand, or "manual training," is included in the broad use that we Americans make of the term "industrial education"; but it is also true that we speak of many schools as industrial, in which special industries are taught to fit the scholars to gain a living, as in the large charitable schools of New York and other cities.

In Brooklyn, New York, there was established, in 1887, a very large and complete industrial school, the largest in this country and perhaps in the world, where manual training in all its numerous departments is very carefully taught.

The fine building, or series of buildings, the ample grounds, and all the splendid equipment of machinery and furnishings, as well as the means to carry on the courses of instruction, are given by Mr. Charles Pratt, of Brooklyn, a man of fortune, who wished to bestow some gift of lasting value on the city, and after careful consideration decided that a school of this kind was the most useful institution he could establish. The splendid success of its three

years' work has fully proved the wisdom and the philanthropy of the generous founder. Beginning with less than twenty pupils (the school having capacity for several thousands), the present number at work in all the departments is about twenty-two hundred, and fully two million dollars have already been expended.

On a regular school-day, the building seems like a vast bee-hive of busy workers. If we were to attempt a visit to each one of the eighty-four rooms comprised in the nine departments, it would need a whole number of St. NICHOLAS to describe them all. We shall, therefore, look into those only which are of most interest to readers of this magazine.

The only department which is entirely given up to boys and girls of high-school age, and therefore of chief interest to them, is the Manual Training School, called at Pratt Institute the Technical High School. We will visit this department first. Only young people of high-school age are admitted here, and the scholars are a bright-looking company of young people, I can assure you.

Perhaps you will better understand the work done here, if you imagine that you have graduated from the grammar-school and wish to enter the Technical High School. Remember that you are not to fit yourself to be a carpenter or a blacksmith, or a cook or a dress-maker, but simply to learn how to use your eyes and hands as well as your brain, so that you can do anything well.

The regular course includes such studies as algebra, geometry, trigonometry, rhetoric, English literature, political science, physics and chemistry, French and Latin, for both boys and girls, very much the same as in an ordinary high school. But in addition to this, the boys have three periods each day for drawing and shop work, and the girls the same time for drawing and cooking, sewing, dress-making, wood-carving or modeling, the work varying with each term.

Let us visit the large, airy room, containing forty-eight benches (though only half that number of scholars is allowed to work at a time), where boys of the first year spend two periods of each day learning to work in wood. Each bench has a neat set of tools snugly put away

in a little closed cupboard which stands on the bench. Each boy has his own and keeps it in good order. Suspended above the bench is a blue-print picture of the piece of work which is to be given for the day's lesson. From a large lumber-room on another floor, boards of suitable size have been brought, and as the boys come in, with faces full of interest in the work before them, they lay aside any superfluous articles of dress in neat lockers in the adjoining room. Each has been taught the use of hammer and plane, saw, chisel, and square, one at a time; and now, with a few instructions from the teacher in charge, the scholar knows just how to go to work. Perhaps it is a joint or a sash that is given him. He works carefully, frequently consulting his blue-print model. The result of his work is not a matter of indifference, by any means. Thirty patterns of different pieces must be made, and accepted by the instructor, before the boy can pass from this room to the next; and as much depends on his faithfulness in this part of his duty as in the geometry or chemistry class.

Next term, all who have successfully completed this work will go on to the wood-turning room, where there are forty-eight benches and wood-turning lathes, besides circular and scroll saws, a buzz-planer and various other machines necessary to a full understanding of the art of wood-turning. Such neat little rings, cylinders, and cups as are turned out here; and after regular hours, you often may see the boys at work by themselves, busily making some pretty cabinet, book-rack, or even a set of doll's furniture for the little sister, thus pleasantly applying the principles learned in class.

The study of pattern-making, during the last term of the first year, naturally precedes the foundry-work which follows at the beginning of the second year. There is a fine large foundry in the basement sixty-six feet long and twenty-nine feet wide. The ceiling is eighteen feet high, and there are twelve big skylights. The equipment of this room includes an iron-melting cupola-furnace, two brass-furnaces, and a white-metal gas-furnace. The boys have delightful times down there, learning to mold and cast their patterns in iron.

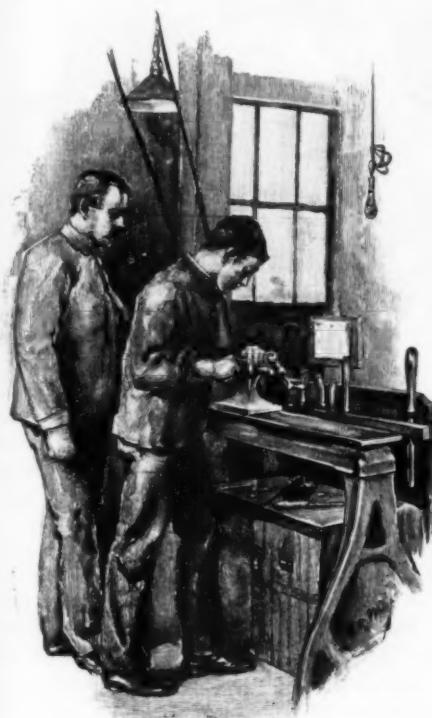
The smith shop, where forging is studied during the rest of the school year, is one of the

most interesting in the whole building. This is even a little larger than the foundry and has ventilating skylights, and all the appliances for smiths' work. Each student has his own forge and anvil,—there are twenty-five of them,—and just now the forges are glowing with bright heat, for the boys are taking their first lesson in welding. The air is as clear as it is in the street. There is no smoke nor dust, for both are carried away by pipes laid under the floor and an ex-

It may be reheated if necessary, but the striking must be done just when the metal is ready for it, else the whole work is spoiled and a new piece must be obtained. Each boy makes his own fire and has to learn how to keep it at the right temperature for the work in hand. His little shovel must take up just enough coal to supply the right amount of heat, but not enough to smother the fire. Among other good things acquired here, the pupils learn the nature and values of different sorts of fuel. Hardening and tempering of iron and steel, soldering, and brazing, are other useful arts taught in the second year. In one part of the room each student has a drawer marked with his own number, and from these we are shown bolts, screws, parts of chains, and various other fine pieces of ironwork from the forges of these young smiths.

For the last year is reserved the more difficult bench-work in metal-turning and boring, screw-cutting, the study of the construction of the turning-lathe and other machinery, including the steam-engine, with practice in the engine-room. Strength and utility of materials, machine design, principles and construction of the telegraph, telephone, dynamo, call-bells, etc., also belong in the last year, together with the higher English branches and theoretical studies already named.

Every boy connected with the institute becomes interested in the engine-room. It is as clean and well-kept as the handsomest parlor, and is the home of a splendid 40 horse-power Harris-Corliss engine which furnishes power for all the machinery in the building. Here also is a high-speed engine which drives an Edison dynamo, and supplies about two thousand incandescent electric lights. An 800-light dynamo furnishes arc-lights for the shops and trade-school. In the room adjoining are two huge, black boilers, each of 100 horse-power. The furnaces are fed with oil, once refined, and furnish heat for all the buildings as well as power for the engines, elevators, electric lights, etc. The oil is brought into the basement in pipes, and as one looks into the mouth of the furnace it is seen shooting out in a stream of liquid which at once becomes gas and ignites, making a hollow, cavernous, roaring mass of pure red and blue flame suggestive of explosives and general de-



A PUPIL WORKING AT A WOOD-TURNING LATHE.

haust-fan. The instructor has no occasion to reprove his pupils for inattention in this room. Time is much too precious to waste. You have all heard the old maxim, "Strike while the iron is hot," but unless you have worked at a forge, you do not realize its full meaning. When the iron that is being heated has reached a certain temperature it must be taken quickly to the anvil and there hammered into the desired shape.



BOYS AT WORK IN THE FORGE ROOM.

struction. But so carefully is each day's supply of oil inspected that no possible danger attaches to this method of heating. In one week five thousand gallons of oil were used.

From the first floor of the main building, the elevator takes us on a flying trip up to the sixth floor, where the cooking-classes are at work, and where the girls of the Technical High School are having their lessons in manual training, though a large number of pupils join these classes who are not connected with the work of this department. If you wish to take the full course in cooking, you will learn also the management of fires; how to keep in order the kitchen, with its big range, cooking-tables and sinks; how to select meat and vegetables from the market; as well as the preparation of every article of food, from bread to beefsteak in the first course, to distracting desserts and salads in the second course. Four "housekeepers" are appointed to share the work of preparation, and each member of the class performs this duty in the course of the term. Here, for example, is a list of the tasks required from House-

keepers Numbers One and Two, and all the white-fingered young women whom you see at work at the neat tables have performed them:

#### HOUSEKEEPER NO. 1.

##### First Lesson.

Get kindlings and coal.  
Build the fire.  
Regulate the dampers.  
Empty ashes into sifter.  
Brush stove, under and around it.  
Blacken stove.  
Fill tea-kettle with fresh water.  
Wash hearth or zinc under stove.  
Wash cloth and put to dry.  
Sift ashes.  
Bring cinders to kitchen.

##### Regular Work.

Regulate the fire.  
Brush under and around the stove.  
Replenish the tea-kettle.  
Wash dishes.  
Wash sink with hot suds.  
Empty tea-kettle and turn it over to dry.  
Arrange the fire to last several hours, or let it go out, as required.

## HOUSEKEEPER No. 2.

Dust the room thoroughly.

Begin at one corner and take each article in turn as you come to it.

Dust from the highest things to the lowest, taking up the dust in the cloth, not brushing it on the floor.

Shake the duster occasionally in a suitable place, and when done, wash and hang it up to dry.

When sweeping is to be done, these directions are given:

Begin at one side and sweep toward one place.

Hold the broom close to the floor; sweep with short strokes, and let the broom take the dust along the floor, instead of tossing it into the air.

## Regular Work.

Bring stores to teacher and pupils when directed.

Scrub teacher's table.

Collect soiled dishes from tables and take them to the sink.

Put clean dishes in their places.

The floor is spotlessly clean, the little gas-stoves, at each division of the long tables where the young cooks prepare their viands, are in perfect order. Each drawer contains its proper allowance of spoons, knives, measuring-cups, graters, egg-beaters, etc., etc., and is as fresh and sweet as it can be made. The big range smiles with black good-humor across the room to the polished glass doors of the buffet where a pretty china table-service is displayed.

The trying times for the young housekeepers, after the six months' course is completed, are the examination, and the "test dinner" which each student must satisfactorily prepare before receiving her certificate. For the test dinner she receives a plain bill of fare, consisting of soup, fish, roast, vegetables, dessert, and coffee, each article being specified in kind, and this she is to serve nicely in courses to a little company of guests which always includes some of her instructors. Official guests are often requested to mark their estimates of the various dishes presented. For instance, a well-flavored, appetizing soup may be marked 100; the fish or roast, lacking in some respects in cooking or service, receives 90; the vegetables, being just about right, 98. Perhaps a slow fire has spoiled the "bake" of a fourth dish, and 60 is the highest mark allowed by one just diner; while another, compassionating the anxiety of the young

hostess, lets mercy run away with his judgment and puts down an 80 for the unfortunate dish. But in general the favored guests speak in the highest terms of the choice cooking and dainty methodical service of the pupils in the Pratt Institute cooking-classes. An additional course in fancy cooking, and another in the selection, preparation, and serving of food for invalids, are offered, and hundreds of Brooklyn young women are being trained in one of the most useful of all housewifely arts and fitting themselves to help their mothers now, and to superintend homes of their own by and by. There are also evening classes where those who are employed in any way through the day are admitted at lower rates of tuition.

Occasionally, a man comes over from Fulton Market bringing a mysterious-looking, odd-shaped bundle, and various knives and saws. Perhaps the bundle contains a quarter of beef, or a side of mutton, which the man cuts up in the presence of the class, explaining carefully where are the best pieces for roasts, soups, and stews. He teaches the pupils how to tell whether the meat is in good condition. Hanging on the wall is a large colored drawing of a cow marked off in portions for cooking, and on the following day each scholar is expected to tell how she would go marketing and select a first-class dinner.

Down on the third floor, dozens of shining needles are at work in the sewing, dress-making, or embroidery rooms. A most interesting place just now is the room devoted to art embroidery, for the young lady at the head of this department went to Europe last summer and brought home some fascinating specimens of designs from South Kensington and other art centers of the Old World, besides various cunning devices in German tapestry and ecclesiastical stitches on which the young students are now pleasantly at work. Here is a class of the first term, making pretty drawn-work; another learning damask and tapestry stitches, or tapestry-staining and appliquéd. Four approved piéces of work and a sampler similar to that which your grandmother made when she was a little girl, must be completed and exhibited before leaving this room. There is a second and very interesting course which occupies five mornings in each week for the en-

tire school year, and includes the study and arrangement of materials and colors, lessons in drawing ornaments from the cast, and the study of plants for use in making designs; all of which are carefully taught and much enjoyed.

But no young lady can enter the embroidery classes or the dress-making rooms, who has not first passed a thorough examination in all forms of plain sewing, and these she may learn, if she has not been taught them at home, in the pleasant sewing-room on the same floor. Such fine

from patterns is taught; in the second, taking measures and fitting dresses; while in the third or advanced course, all the more difficult work, such as fitting polonaises, tea-gowns, children's clothing, and outside garments, is studied. Perhaps one day the lesson is about sleeves. Around the room are models of all the most elaborate designs, as well as the plainer kinds. The teacher gives a lecture on sleeves at the beginning, and each scholar has her own little table, supplied with measures and sewing ma-



THE SEWING CLASS AT WORK.

specimens of work as are exhibited here!—such hemming and felling, such gathering and darning, button-holing and hemstitching, and such excellent sewing-machine work as well. For there are several kinds of sewing-machines, so that one may select her favorite and learn its use.

In the dress-making rooms, which are light and airy, and supplied with everything needed, from dummies to dusters, girl students are busily at work learning how to cut, fit, and drape their own dresses, and also how to make children's clothes. On an exhibition day at the end of the year, that long line of dummies wears each a pretty, stylish costume, the work of the students. In the first course, cutting and making dresses

terials, where she prepares her sleeves. The teacher goes about to inspect the work, and to make corrections. There is a best way of doing every thing with the needle, and a great many of the best ways are taught here. Besides being taught how to make and fit garments, the girls hear lectures about the most healthful ways of dressing, and are advised how to select goods and combine colors to make a tasteful costume.

"Every girl her own milliner" must be the motto in the next room of the Domestic Science Department, where a score of girls are learning to cover hat-frames, or to bind and face all kinds of hats and bonnets. All the work here is done in Canton flannel, which is soft and easily worked, but so inexpensive that it does not mat-

ter so much if one does make a mistake in the first day's lesson. In the second course, pretty bonnets and toques are made, still in the plain material, while the velvets and laces, feathers and flowers and ribbons are reserved for the third course, and all the pretty ideas are made use of in a handsome head-covering of the most approved style and finish.

Where do you think those artistic models come from? Not from any Fifth Avenue milliner, but from the public schools of Paris where the little daughters of the poor are taught to design beautiful work, and are so carefully trained in the combination of colors and selection of materials that our most tasteful milliners eagerly seek their hats and bonnets for patterns. All of the ST. NICHOLAS readers in the United States must have noticed the unusual beauty of the dolls offered for sale last Christmas, and especially their beautiful toilets, so charming in color, and of so many different designs. Many, indeed nearly all, of these are the work of Paris school-girls, who may not know so much of history, physiology, algebra, or arithmetic as you do, but who have learned very thoroughly these lessons in which they have been taught to use their fingers on dainty silks and laces. A case of these artistic hats and bonnets in the millinery room of Pratt Institute furnishes models for the busy students, and when their work is exhibited at the end of the school-year, it is always very much admired.

It would seem that a girl could learn very nearly everything that she would ever need to know for herself and her home in the Domestic Science Department; for besides all that has been described to you, about fifty young ladies during the past year have been learning how to give aid in such emergencies as poisoning, sunstroke, drowning, and accidents of all sorts, and also how to care for sick people, apply bandages, make poultices, keep the sick-room clean and well-aired without disturbing the patient, and how to prepare nice gruels and toasts and dainty dishes that invalids enjoy. The head-nurse of the Seney hospital comes over to teach the young nurses how to make beds for invalids and how to give them all possible comforts.

And one more branch of instruction must be

described to you. It has been opened recently; but promises to be very popular. What do you think of a course of lessons in which the pupils learn how best to ventilate and heat a house, and to take care of the cellar, garden, and sidewalks, how to keep sleeping-rooms, store-room, attic, and linen-closet in order, and how to arrange the work of a house for the week so that the sweeping, dusting, and general cleaning need not interfere with the comfort of the family, or be crowded together and interfere with the comfort of the mistress?—And more than that, how to keep your household accounts, manage servants, and how to entertain guests and attend to the social duties of a home.

There are two large rooms occupying the entire fifth floor of the main building, where all boys who like to see curious and instructive articles, and all girls who enjoy works of art and beauty, will wish to spend a long time. The ushers whose business it is to show people over the building will tell you that of all the ten thousand visitors during the past year, the greater part spent more than one-half of the time allowed for seeing the entire series of buildings in this, the Technical Museum. Its object is "to illustrate, by means of specimens properly classified and labeled, the consecutive stages through which materials of different kinds pass in their transition from the crude to the finished article." A full illustration of the method is seen in the case devoted to iron, where fine specimens of iron ore are shown; and, following on in regular order, pig-iron, with a small model showing how it is made; then the three forms, cast-iron, wrought-iron, and steel, with handsome specimens of articles made from each of these. Any one who examines this case carefully, learns a useful and lasting lesson in the manufacture of iron and steel.

Another interesting corner of the museum, and one where visitors like to linger, is that where glass, pottery, and porcelain are displayed in large cases. A learned professor spent several months in selecting and purchasing the choicest specimens of these articles that he could find in England, France, Austria, Germany, Holland, and Belgium; and the result is very fascinating. If you take time to study the cases, instead of simply admiring the pretty things that they

contain, you will have another valuable lesson—a lesson in ceramics. For here is the clay or kaolin of which all these beautiful jars and vases are made, just as it is taken from the earth; and then all the common forms of pottery in process of manufacture. Here are beautiful

machinery complete, which is sometimes running at full speed, the motive power being furnished by a tiny engine; or of the beautiful forms of crystals, the hundreds of mineral specimens, the collections of textile fabrics, of laces and embroideries, and many other curious and



A DRAWING-CLASS IN THE ART DEPARTMENT.

Moorish jars whose pattern and coloring remind you of the Alhambra and of Washington Irving's stories about the Moors in Spain. Here are exquisite Sèvres, and splendid specimens of Doulton, Wedgwood, Copeland, and Minton wares, with fine pieces of faience from Rome, Milan, and Naples. Some choice pieces are made in New Jersey. One large case illustrates the process of glass-making and shows beautiful pieces of cut, blown, etched, and engraved work. Some of these pieces are from Austria and Bohemia, some from France and Venice. Handsome mosaic work from Rome and Florence, and some exquisite cameo vases, attract our attention as we hasten by.

I have not space to tell you about the interesting model of an oil-well with derrick and

wonderful things which have been selected by experienced men and women from many portions of the world. There are a great many museums in this country that are larger than this, but not many so thoroughly interesting and instructive, and the young people who are pupils in the Institute often come here to see practical illustrations of the processes they are studying.

The Art Department occupies one entire floor and several rooms besides and is one of the most important features of the Institute. Much of its work is like that of any art school, and therefore it is not necessary to describe it. In the clay-room, seated on high stools, students are industriously working out designs in moist clay, while across the hall beautiful picture-frames,

panels, or cabinets of wood are being carved in lovely patterns. Some of the young lady wood-carvers have taken a course in shop-work and have first made the frames or cabinets on which they are carving vines and leaves and conventional patterns. Here, as in other art schools, designing for carpets, wall-papers, and prints is taught, and there is a Normal art class where teachers are fitted for their work.

Nearly every student in the building comes to the art rooms at some period of the course. The young milliners and dressmakers learn to draw models of the hats, bonnets, and dresses which they are to make. The carpenters and smiths draw their designs for working patterns. Girls from the Manual Training Department, and boys as well, have regular weekly lessons in art.

wood and metal working rooms, the foundry, forge-shop, engine-room, and the laboratories and lecture-rooms, there is a series of large rooms devoted to the building trades, such as bricklaying, plumbing, carpentry, plastering, modeling, and stonecutting. These classes are only for those who wish to become bricklayers, plasterers, stonemasons, and so on, and have no connection whatever with the other work of the Institute.

If we visit this long room (for from the visitors' gallery we can see all these rooms at once), we must come in the evening as there are no day classes. Here is a long line of young men, twenty or thirty perhaps, steadily working with lead pipe and little furnaces, getting ready to repair water-pipes that may burst next winter.



IN THE WOOD-CARVING ROOM.

The institute buildings extend through the width of a block; and passing from the main building by a "bridge," as it is called, in which the sounds of twenty-five busy type-writers announce the school of phonography and type-writing which is located here, we come to the department of mechanic arts, a portion of which has already been described to you. Besides the

In the next room, piles of brick and mortar are rising in the air, and an instructor walks around giving directions about handling the trowel and applying mortar, building flues and fireplaces, making walls and piers. Another teacher superintends the plasterers, most of whom are young men, while in the farther room a class is engaged in molding wet clay into the shapes of grim griffins or fierce dragons, or some other ornamental

figures which the same young workers will soon be taught to carve skillfully in stone for architectural use.

The first floor and the basement of the main building yet remain to be visited. On a bright afternoon, just after the schools of the city have closed for the day, you will meet many little companies of boys and girls crowding into the free library, which is at the right as one enters. Here are about thirty thousand books, all selected within three years, and containing the best reading and newest information that could be found. This library is entirely free to any resident of Brooklyn, fourteen years of age or over. Special type-written lists of books for young people are placed on the tables, and all the bright young women behind the desk are willing to help boys and girls in selecting good books. You will readily guess the name of the book for young people that has been most frequently taken from the library the past year. It was written by an author who contributed a great many stories to *St. NICHOLAS*, and the book is, of course, "Little Women."

Many boys and girls who come for library books like to linger in the reading-room across the hall, where there are nearly two hundred periodicals including all the best papers and magazines for young people. In the evening, the room is brilliantly lighted by electricity, and the globes hang so low over the pretty oak tables, that reading is quite easy and pleasant.

Down in the basement is a large lunch-room with neat, prettily-furnished tables where teachers and scholars and people from outside, if they wish, can get wholesome, well-served luncheons at moderate prices. And across the hall from the lunch-room is the office of a new department which might have been founded by Benjamin Franklin himself. Its object is to induce people, and especially young people, to save their money and put some aside regularly. The name of this association is The Thrift, and each investor is required to put in the same sum, whether it be large or small, each month for ten years. At the end of that time, the principal and a liberal rate of interest, besides a premium of ten dollars per share, will be paid back to the investor, making a handsome sum for a small investment. Suppose, for example,

that you put in the smallest sum that is taken, that is one dollar each month, which you may do by saving four cents each working-day. You are then the possessor of one share. If you keep on investing one dollar each month for ten years, at the end of that time you are entitled to \$160, which includes principal, interest, and premium. Two shares at two dollars each month amount with premium, at the end of ten years, to \$320; four shares, four dollars each month, to \$640; twenty shares, twenty dollars a month, to \$3200. Any one may invest, whether connected with the Institute or not. If only one share is taken by a boy or girl, and kept up the whole ten years, a very neat little sum is realized, quite enough to help toward a year's expenses at college or scientific school, or a trip to California or Europe. Of more consequence than the money gained is the foundation for habits of thrift and perseverance which is laid by the regular setting aside of a certain amount. The young people of Pratt Institute, as well as the older ones, are becoming much interested in this new plan, and are taking shares with great pride in their ability to save money. The money is lent, on favorable terms, to people who wish to buy homes and have not the means to pay for them all at once. By borrowing the needed amount from The Thrift, and repaying each month a sum not much larger than the rent would be, they are able, after some years, to own free from debt the house they live in.

In passing through the building from room to room, we notice everywhere on the walls fine pictures, photographs, etchings, or engravings. The stairways are lined with illustrations of ancient and modern art. In the broad window-seats there are beautiful palms or other foliage plants, or flowers in bloom. In the hallway of the Mechanic Arts building, there are three large camelia trees, which were in full bloom at the time of my visit. In the evening, hundreds of electric lights make the rooms bright as a mid-summer day. All the furnishings are new, and excellent of their kind. An elevator takes visitors from the main entrance hall to any story of the building. A number of ushers are always in waiting to escort visitors about the buildings and explain to them the different objects of

interest. Over ten thousand people have visited the Institute during the past year.

Across the street from the Institute buildings, a large plot of ground, 350 feet long and

ant times, you have only to visit them during recreation hours.

As the Institute has been established only about three years, it is not yet in the height



THE TENNIS-COURT AND GIRLS' PLAYGROUND.

200 feet wide, is a playground for the young women. A noble willow-tree stands in one corner, and in the other, in winter time, there is a toboggan slide. Numerous tennis-courts are laid out on the space between. In the rear of the Institute buildings there are, for the boys, grounds very nearly as ample, fronting on Grand Avenue. And if you doubt whether the pupils have pleas-

of its power and influence; but classes are constantly increasing, and everything that can add to its usefulness is provided by the generous founder. The students are taught to be persevering, honest, faithful, and ambitious, and with its excellent principles and splendid equipment, Pratt Institute cannot fail to become one of the best educational institutions of our day.

## THE BOY SETTLERS.

By NOAH BROOKS.

### CHAPTER VI.

#### WESTWARD HO!

THE following two or three days were wet and uncomfortable. Rain fell in torrents at times, and when it did not rain, the ground was steamy, and the emigrants had a hard time to find spots dry enough on which to make up their beds at night. This was no holiday journey, and the boys, too proud to murmur, exchanged significant nods and winks when they found themselves overtaken by the discomforts of camping and traveling in the storm. For the most part, they kept in camp during the heaviest of the rain. They found that the yokes of the oxen chafed the poor animals' necks when wet.

And then the mud! Nobody had ever seen such mud, they thought, not even on the black and greasy fat lands of an Illinois prairie. Sometimes the wagon sunk in the road, cut up by innumerable teams, so that the hubs of the wheels were almost even with the surface, and it was with the greatest difficulty that their four yoke of oxen dragged the wagon from its oozy bed. At times, too, they were obliged to unhitch their oxen and help out of a mud-hole some other less fortunate brother wayfarer, whose team was not so powerful as their own.

One unlucky day, fording a narrow creek with steep banks, they had safely got across, when they encountered a slippery incline up which the oxen could not climb; it was "as slippery as a glare of ice," Charlie said, and the struggling cattle sank nearly to their knees in their frantic efforts to reach the top of the bank. The wagon had been "blocked up," that is to say, the wagon-box raised in its frame or bed above the axles, with blocks driven underneath, to lift it above the level of the stream. As the vehicle was dragged out of the creek, the leading yoke of cattle struggling up the bank

and then slipping back again, the whole team of oxen suddenly became panic-stricken, as it were, and rushed back to the creek in wild confusion. The wagon twisted upon itself, and cramped together, creaked, groaned, toppled, and fell over in a heap, its contents being shot out before and behind into the mud and water.

"Great Scott!" yelled Sandy. "Let me stop those cattle!" Whereupon the boy dashed through the water, and, running around the hinder end of the wagon, he attempted to head off the cattle. But the animals, having gone as far as they could without breaking their chains or the wagon-tongue, which fortunately held, stood sullenly by the side of the wreck they had made, panting with their exertions.

"Here is a mess!" said his father, but, without more words, he unhitched the oxen and drove them up the bank. The rest of the party hastily picked up the articles that were drifting about, or were lodged in the mud of the creek. It was a sorry sight, and the boys forgot, in the excitement of the moment, the discomforts and annoyances of their previous experiences. This was a real misfortune.

But while Oscar and Sandy were excitedly discussing what was next to be done, Mr. Howell took charge of things; the wagon was righted, and a party of emigrants, camped in a grove of cottonwoods just above the ford, came down with ready offers of help. Eight yoke of cattle instead of four were now hitched to the wagon, and, to use the expressive language of the West, the outfit was "snaked" out of the hole in double-quick time.

"Ho, ho, ho! Uncle Charlie," laughed Sandy, "you look as if you had been dragged through a slough. You are just painted with mud from top to toe. Well, I never did see such a looking scarecrow!"

"It's lucky you have n't any looking-glass

here, young Impudence. If you could see your mother's boy now, you would n't know him. Talk about looks! Take a look at the youngster, mates," said Uncle Charlie, bursting into a laugh. A general roar followed the look, for Sandy's appearance was indescribable. In his wild rush through the waters of the creek, he had covered himself from head to foot, and the mud from the wagon had painted his face a brilliant brown; for there is more or less of red oxide of iron in the mud of Kansas creeks.

It was a doleful party that pitched its tent that night on the banks of Soldier Creek and attempted to dry clothes and provisions by the feeble heat of a little sheet-iron stove. Only Sandy, the irrepressible and unconquerable Sandy, preserved his good temper through the trying experience. "It is a part of the play," he said, "and anybody who thinks that crossing the prairie, 'as of old the pilgrims crossed the sea,' is a Sunday-school picnic, might better try it with the Dixon emigrants; that's all."

But, after a very moist and disagreeable night, the sky cleared in the morning. Oscar was out early, looking at the sky; and when he shouted "Westward ho!" with a stentorian voice, everybody came tumbling out to see what was the matter. A long line of white-topped wagons with four yoke of oxen to each, eleven teams all told, was stringing its way along the muddy road in which the red sun was reflected in pools of red liquid mud. The wagons were overflowing with small children; coops of fowls swung from behind, and a general air of thriftiness seemed to be characteristic of the company.

"Which way are you bound?" asked Oscar, cheerily.

"Up the Smoky Hill Fork," replied one of the ox-drivers. "Solomon's Fork, perhaps, but somewhere in that region, anyway."

One of the company lingered behind to see what manner of people these were who were so comfortably camped out in a wall-tent. When he had satisfied his curiosity, he explained that his companions had come from northern Ohio, and were bound to lay out a town of their own in the Smoky Hill region.

Oscar, who listened while his father drew this information from the stranger, recalled the fact that the Smoky Hill and the Republican Forks were the branches of the Kaw. Solomon's Fork, he now learned, was one of the tributaries of the Smoky Hill, nearer to the Republican Fork than to the main stream. So he said to his father, when the Ohio man had passed on: "If they settle on Solomon's Fork, won't they be neighbors of ours, Daddy?"

Mr. Bryant took out a little map of the Territory that he had in his knapsack, and, after some study, made up his mind that the newcomers would not be "neighbors enough to hurt," if they came no nearer the Republican than Solomon's Fork. About thirty-five miles west and south of Fort Riley, which is at the junction of the Smoky Hill and the Republican, Solomon's Fork branches off to the northwest. Settlers anywhere along that line would not be nearer the other fork than eighteen or twenty miles at the nearest. Charlie and Sandy agreed with Oscar that it was quite as near as desirable neighbors should be. The lads were already learning something of the spirit of the West. They had heard of the man who had moved westward when another settler drove his stakes twenty miles from his claim, because the country was "gettin' too crowded."

That day, passing through the ragged log village of Tecumseh, they got their first letters from home. When they left Illinois, they had not known just where they would strike, in the Territory, but they had resolved that they would not go further west than Tecumseh; and here they were, with their eyes still fixed toward the West. No matter; just now, news from home was to be devoured before anybody could talk of the possible Kansas home that yet loomed before them in the dim distance. How good it was to learn all about the dear ones left at home; to find that Bose was keeping guard around the house as if he knew that he was the protector of the two mothers left to themselves in one home; to hear that the brindle calf had grown very large, and that a circus was coming to town the very next day after the letter was written.

"That circus has come and gone without our seeing it," said Sandy, solemnly.

"Sandy is as good as a circus, any day," said his uncle, fondly. "The greatest show in the country would have been willing to hire you for a sight, fixed out as you were last night, after we had that upset in the creek." The boys agreed that it was lucky for all hands that the only looking-glass in camp was the little bit of a one hidden away in Uncle Charlie's shaving case.

The next day, to their great discomfiture, they blundered upon a county election. Trudging into Libertyville, one of the new mushroom towns springing up along the military road that leads from Fort Leavenworth to Fort Riley, they found a great crowd of people gathered around a log-house, in which the polls were open. County officers were to be chosen, and the pro-slavery men, as the Borderers were now called in this part of the country, had rallied in great numbers to carry the election for their men. All was confusion and tumult. Rough-looking men, well-armed and generally loud-voiced, with slouched hats and long beards, were galloping about, shouting and making all the noise possible, for no purpose that could be discovered. "Hooray for Cap'n Pate!" was the only intelligible cry that the new-comers could hear; but who Captain Pate was, and why he should be hurrahed for, nobody seemed to know. He was not a candidate for anything.

"Hullo! there's our Woburn friend, John Clark," said Mr. Howell. Sure enough, there he was with a vote in his hand going up to the cabin where the polls were open. A lane was formed through the crowd of men who lounged about the cabin, so that a man going up to the door to vote was obliged to run the gantlet, as it were, of one hundred men, or more, before he reached the door, the lower half of which was boarded up and the upper half left open for the election officers to take and deposit the ballots.

"I don't believe that man has any right to vote here," said Charlie, with an expression of disgust on his face. "Why, he came into the Territory with us, only the other day, and he said he was going up on the Big Blue to settle, and here he is trying to vote!"

"Well," said Uncle Charlie, "I allow he has just as good a right to vote as any of these men

who are running the election. I saw some of these very men come riding in from Missouri, when we were one day out of Quindaro." As he spoke, John Clark had reached the voting-place, pursued by many rough epithets flung after him.

He paused before the half-barricaded door and presented his ballot. "Let's see yer ticket!" shouted one of two men who stood guard, one either side of the cabin-door. He snatched it from Clark's hand, looked at it and simply said "H'ist!" The man on the other side of the would-be voter grinned; then both men seized the Woburn man by his arms and waist, and, before he could realize what was happening, he was flung up to the edge of the roof that projected over the low door. Two other men, sitting there, grabbed the new-comer by the shoulders and passed him up the roof to two others, who, straddling the ridge-pole, were waiting for him. Then the unfortunate Clark disappeared over the top of the cabin, sliding down out of sight on the farther side. The mob set up a wild cheer and some of them shouted, "We don't want any Yankee votes in this yer 'lection!"

"Shameful! Shameful!" burst forth from Mr. Bryant. "I have heard of such things before now, but I must say I never thought I should see it." He turned angrily to his brother-in-law as Mr. Howell joined the boys in their laugh.

"How can you laugh at such a shameful sight, Aleck Howell? I'm sure it's something to cry over, rather than to laugh at—a spectacle like that! A free American citizen hustled away from the polls in that disgraceful fashion!"

"But, Charlie," said Uncle Aleck, "you'll admit that it was funny to see the Woburn man hoisted over that cabin. Besides, I don't believe he has any right to vote here; do you?"

"He would have been allowed to vote fast enough if he had had the sort of ballot that those fellows want to go into the box. They looked at his ballot, and as soon as they saw what it was, they threw him over the cabin."

Just then, John Clark came back from the ravine into which he had slid from the roof of the log-house, looking very much crestfallen. He explained that he had met some pro-slavery men on the road that morning, and they had

told him he could vote, if he chose, and they had furnished him with the necessary ballot.

"They took in my clothes at a glance," said Clark, "and they seemed to suppose that a man

a-goin' up there to try it ag'in," he said, angrily, to an insolent horseman, who, riding up, told him not to venture near the polls again if he "did not want to be kicked out like a dog."

"Come on, neighbor; let's be goin'," he said to Uncle Aleck. "I've had enough voting for today. 'Let's light out' of this town." Then the men, taking up their ox-goads, drove out of town. They had had their first sight of the struggle for freedom.

## CHAPTER VII.

### AT THE DIVIDING OF THE WAYS.

THE military road, of which I have just spoken, was constructed by the United States Government to connect the military posts of the Far West with one another. Beginning at Fort Leavenworth, on the Missouri River, it passed through Fort Riley at the junction of the forks of the Kaw, and then, still keeping up the north side of the Republican Fork, went on to Fort Kearney, still farther west, then to Fort Laramie, which in those days was so far on the frontier of our country that few people ever saw it except military men and the emigrants to California. At the time of which I am writing, there had been a very heavy emigration to California, and companies of emigrants, bound to the Golden Land, still occasionally passed along the great military road.

Interlacing this highway were innumerable trails and wagon-tracks, the traces of the great migration to the Eldorado of the Pacific; and here and there were the narrow trails made by Indians on their hunting expeditions and warlike excursions. Roads, such as our emigrants had been accustomed to in Illinois, there were none. First came the faint traces of human



THE POLLS AT LIBERTYVILLE. THE WOBURN MAN IS "HOISTED" OVER THE CABIN.

with butternut homespun was true-blue; so they did n't ask any questions. I got a Free-State ballot from another man and was a-goin' to plump it in; but they were too smart for me, and over I went. No, don't you worry, I ain't

with

they made by Indians on their hunting expeditions and warlike excursions. Roads, such as our emigrants had been accustomed to in Illinois, there were none. First came the faint traces of human

feet and of unshod horses and ponies; then the well-defined trail of hunters, trappers, and Indians; then the wagon-track of the military trains, which, in course of time, were smoothed and formed into the military road kept in repair by the United States Government.

Following this road the Dixon emigrants came upon the broad, bright, and shallow stream of the Big Blue. Fording this, they drove into the rough, new settlement of Manhattan, lately built at the junction of the Blue and the Kaw rivers.

It was a beautiful May day when the travelers entered Manhattan. It was an active and a promising town. Some attempt at the laying out of streets had been made. A long, low building, occupied as a hotel, was actually painted, and on some of the shanties and rude huts of the newly arrived settlers were signs giving notice of hardware, groceries, and other commodities for sale within. On one structure, partly made of sawed boards and partly of canvas, was painted in sprawling letters, "Counselor at Law."

"You'll find those fellows out in the Indian country," grimly remarked one of the settlers, as the party surveyed this evidence of an advancing civilization.

There was a big steam saw-mill hard by the town, and the chief industry of Manhattan seemed to be the buying and selling of lumber and hardware, and the surveying of land. Mounted men, carrying the tools and instruments of the surveyor, galloped about. Few wheeled vehicles except the ox-carts of emigrants were to be seen anywhere, and the general aspect of the place was that of feverish activity. Along the banks of the two streams were camped parties of the latest comers, many of whom had brought their wives and children with them. Parties made up of men only, seldom came as far west as this. They pitched their tents nearer the Missouri, where the fight for freedom raged most hotly. A few companies of men did reach the westernmost edge of the new settlements, and the Manhattan Company was one of these.

The three boys from Illinois were absorbed with wonder as they strolled around the new town, taking in the novel sights, as they would if they had been in a great city, instead of a

mushroom town that had arisen in a night. During their journey from Libertyville to Manhattan, the Dixon emigrants had lost sight of John Clark, of Woburn; he had hurried on ahead after his rough experience with the election guardians of Libertyville. The boys were wondering if he had reached Manhattan.

"Hullo! There he is now, with all his family around him," said Charlie. "He's got here before us, and can tell all about the lay of the land to the west of us, I dare say."

"I have about made up my mind to squat on Hunter's Creek," said Clark, when the boys had saluted him. "Pretty good land on Hunter's, so I am told; no neighbors, and the land has been surveyed off by the Government surveyors. Hunter's Creek? Well, that's about six miles above the fort. It makes into the Republican, and, so they tell me, there's plenty of wood along the creek, and a good lot of oak and hickory not far off. Timber is what we all want, you know."

As for Bartlett, who had come out from New England with the Clarks, he was inclined to go to the lower side of the Republican Fork, taking to the Smoky Hill country. That was the destination of the Jenness party, who had passed the Dixon boys when they were camped after their upset in the creek, several days before. This would leave the Clarks—John and his wife and two children, and his brother Jotham, and Jotham's boy, Pelatiah—to make a settlement by themselves on Hunter's Creek.

Which way were the Dixon boys going? Charlie, the spokesman of the party because he was the eldest, did not know. His father and uncle were out prospecting among the campers now. Sandy was sure that they would go up the Republican Fork. His father had met one of the settlers from that region, and had been very favorably impressed with his report. This Republican Fork man was an Arkansas man, but "a good fellow," so Sandy said. To be a good fellow, according to Sandy's way of putting things, was to be worthy of all confidence and esteem.

Mr. Bryant thought that as there were growing rumors of troublesome Indians, it would be better to take the southern or Smoky Hill route; the bulk of the settlers were going that

way, and where there were large numbers, there would be safety. While the lads were talking with the Clarks, Bryant and his brother-in-law came up, and, after greeting their former acquaintance and ascertaining whether he was bound, Mr. Howell told the boys that they had been discussing the advantages of the two routes with Younkins, the settler from Republican Fork, and had decided to go on to "the post," as Fort Riley was generally called, and there decide which way they should go—to the right or to the left.

As for the Clarks, they were determined to

had in mind for them. Younkins was a kindly and pleasant-faced man, simple in his speech and frontier-like in his manners. Sandy conceived a strong liking for him as soon as they met. The boy and the man were friends at once.

"Well, you see," said Younkins, sitting down on the wagon-tongue, when the party had returned to their camp, "I have been thinking over-like the matter that we were talking about, and I have made up my mind-like that I sha'n't move back to my claim on the south side of the Republican. I 'm on the north side, you know, and my old claim on the south side will



THE FIRST LAW-OFFICE IN MANHATTAN.

take the trail for Hunter's Creek that very day. Bartlett decided to go to the Smoky Hill country. He cast in his lot with a party of Western men, who had heard glowing reports of the fertility and beauty of the region lying along Solomon's Fork, a tributary of the Smoky Hill. It was in this way that parties split up after they had entered the promised land.

Leaving the Clarks to hitch up their teams and part company with Bartlett, the Dixon party returned to their camp, left temporarily in the care of Younkins, who had come to Manhattan for a few supplies, and who had offered to guide the others to the desirable place for settlement which he told them he

do just right for my brother Ben; he 's coming out in the fall. Now if you want to go up our way, you can have the cabin on that claim. There 's nobody living in it; it 's no great of a cabin, but it 's built of hewed timber, well-chinked and comfortable-like. You can have it till Ben comes out, and I 'm just a-keeping it for Ben, you know. P'raps he won't want it, and if he does n't, why then you and he can make some kind of a dicker-like, and you might stay on till you could do better."

"That 's a very generous offer of Mr. Younkin's, Charles," said Mr. Howell to Bryant. "I don't believe we could do better than take it up."

"No, indeed," burst in the impetuous Sandy.

"Why, just think of it! A house already built!"

"Little boys should be seen, not heard," said his elder brother, reprovingly. "Suppose you and I wait to see what the old folks have to say before we chip in with any remarks."

"Oh, I know what Uncle Charlie will say," replied the lad, undismayed. "He'll say that the Smoky Hill road is the road to take. Say, Uncle Charlie, you see that Mr. Younkins here is willing to live all alone on the bank of the Republican Fork, without any neighbors at all. He is n't afraid of Indians."

Mr. Bryant smiled and said that he was not afraid of Indians, but he thought that there might come a time when it would be desirable for a community to stand together as one man. "Are you a Free State man?" he asked Younkins. This was a home-thrust. Younkins came from a slave State; he was probably a pro-slavery man.

"I'm neither a Free State man nor yet a pro-slavery man," he said, slowly and with great deliberation. "I'm just for Younkins all the time. Fact is," he continued, "where I came from, most of us are pore whites; I never owned but one darky, and I had him from my grandfather. Ben and me, we sort er quarreled-like over that darky. Ben, he thought he ought 'er had him, and I knowed my grandfather left him to me. So I sold him off, and the neighbors did n't seem to like it. I don't justly know why they did n't like it; but they did n't. Then Ben, he allowed that I had better light out. So I lit out, and here I am. No, I'm no Free State man, and then ag'in, I'm no man for slavery. I'm just for Younkins. Solomon Younkins is my name."

Bryant was very clearly prejudiced in favor of the settler from the Republican Fork by this speech; and yet he thought it best to move on to the fort that day and take the matter into consideration.

So he said that if Younkins would accept the hospitality of their tent, the Dixon party would be glad to have him pass the night with them. Younkins had a horse on which he had ridden down from his place and with which he had intended to reach home that night. But, for the sake of inducing the new arrivals to go up

into his part of the country, he was willing to stay.

"I should think you would be afraid to leave your wife and baby all alone there in the wilderness," said Sandy, regarding his new friend with evident admiration. "No neighbor nearer than Hunter's Creek, did you say? How far off is that?"

"Well, a matter of six miles-like," replied Younkins. "It is n't often that I do leave them alone over night; but then I have to, once in a while. My old woman, she does n't mind it; she was sort of skeary-like when she first came into the country. But she's got used to it. We don't want any neighbors. If you folks come up to settle, you'll be on the other side of the river," he said, with unsmiling candor. "That's near enough—three or four miles, anyway."

Fort Riley is about ten miles from Manhattan, at the forks of the Kaw. It was a long drive for one afternoon; but the settlers from Illinois camped on the edge of the military reservation that night. When the boys, curious to see what the fort was like, looked over the premises next morning, they were somewhat disappointed to find that the post was merely a quadrangle of buildings constructed of rough-hammered stone. A few frame houses were scattered about. One of these was the sutler's store, just on the edge of the reservation. But, for the most part, the post consisted of two- or three-story buildings arranged in the form of a hollow square. These were barracks, officers' quarters, and depots for the storage of military supplies and army equipments.

"Why, this is no fort!" said Oscar, contemptuously. "There is n't even a stockade. What's to prevent a band of Indians raiding through the whole place? I could take it myself, if I had men enough."

His cousin Charlie laughed and said: "Forts are not built out here nowadays to defend a garrison. The army men don't propose to let the Indians get near enough to the post to threaten it. The fact is, I guess, this fort is only a depot-like, as our friend Younkins would say, for the soldiers and for military stores. They don't expect ever to be besieged here; but if there should happen to be trouble anywhere along the frontier, then the soldiers would be

here, ready to fly out to the rescue, don't you see?"

"Yes," answered Sandy; "and when a part of the garrison had gone to the rescue, as you call it, another party of redskins would swoop down and gobble up the remnant left at the post."

"If I were you, Master Sandy," said his brother, "I would n't worry about the soldiers. Uncle Sam built this fort, and there are lots of others like it. I don't know for sure, but my impression is that Uncle Sam knows what is best for the use of the military and for the defense of the frontier. So let 's go and take a look at the sutler's store. I want to buy some letter-paper."

The sutler, in those days, was a very important person in the estimation of the soldiers of a frontier post. Under a license from the War Department of the Government, he kept a store in which was everything that the people at the post could possibly need. Crowded into the long building of the Fort Riley sutler were dry-goods, groceries, hardware, boots and shoes, window-glass, rope and twine, and even candy of a very poor sort. Hanging from the ceiling of this queer warehouse were sides of smoked meat, strings of onions, oil-cloth suits, and other things that were designed for the comfort or convenience of the officers and soldiers, and were not provided by the Government.

"I wonder what soldiers want of calico and ribbons," whispered Sandy, with a suppressed giggle, as the three lads went prying about.

"Officers and soldiers have their wives and children here, you greeny," said his brother, sharply. "Look out there and see 'em."

And, sure enough, as Sandy's eyes followed the direction of his brother's, he saw two prettily dressed ladies and a group of children walking over the smooth turf that filled the square in the midst of the fort. It gave Sandy a homesick feeling, this sight of a home in the wilderness. Here were families of grown people and children, living apart from the rest of the world. They had been here long before the echo of civil strife in Kansas had reached the Eastern States, and before the first wave of emigration had touched the head-waters of the Kaw. Here they were, a community by themselves, uncertain, apparently, whether slavery was voted up

or down. At least, some such thought as this flitted through Sandy's mind as he looked out upon the leisurely life of the fort, just beginning to stir.

All along the outer margin of the reservation were grouped the camps of emigrants; not many of them, but enough to present a curious and picturesque sight. There were a few tents, but most of the emigrants slept in or under their wagons. There were no women or children in these camps, and the hardy men had been so well seasoned by their past experiences, journeying to this far western part of the Territory, that they did not mind the exposure of sleeping on the ground and under the open skies. Soldiers from the fort, off duty and curious to hear the news from the outer world, came lounging around the camps and chatted with the emigrants in that cool, superior manner that marks the private soldier when he meets a civilian on an equal footing, away from the haunts of men.

The boys regarded these uniformed military servants of the Government of the United States with great respect, and even with some awe. These, they thought to themselves, were the men who were there to fight Indians, to protect the border, and to keep back the rising tide of wild hostilities that might, if it were not for them, sweep down upon the feeble Territory and even inundate the whole Western country.

"Perhaps some of Black Hawk's descendants are among the Indians on this very frontier," said Oscar, impressively. "And these gold-laced chaps, with shoulder-straps on, are the Zack Taylors and the Robert Andersons who do the fighting," added Charlie, with a laugh.

Making a few small purchases from the surly sutler of Fort Riley, and then canvassing with the emigrants around the reservation the question of routes and locations, our friends passed the forenoon. The elders of the party had anxiously discussed the comparative merits of the Smoky Hill and the Republican Fork country and had finally yielded to the attractions of a cabin ready-built in Younkins's neighborhood, with a garden patch attached, and had decided to go in that direction.

"This is simply bully!" said Sandy Howell, as the little caravan turned to the right and drove up the north bank of the Republican Fork.

*(To be continued.)*

Illustrated by ALB

## WHAT COULD THE FARMER DO?

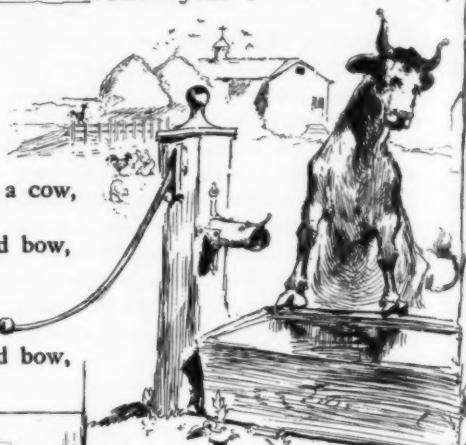
BY GEORGE WILLIAM OGDEN.

There was an old farmer who had a cow,  
Moo, moo, moo!

She used to stand on the pump and bow,  
And what could the farmer do?

Moo, moo, moo, moo,  
Moo, moo, moo!

She used to stand on the pump and bow,  
And what could the farmer do?



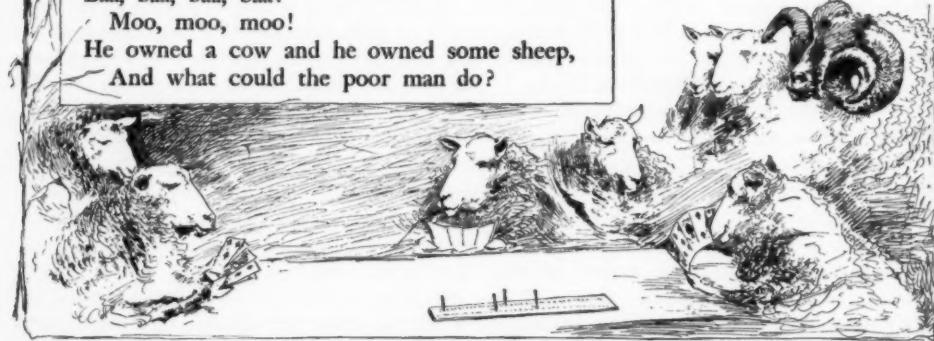
There was an old farmer who owned some sheep,  
Baa, baa, baa!

They used to play cribbage while he was asleep,  
And laugh at the farmer's ma.

Baa, baa, baa, baa!

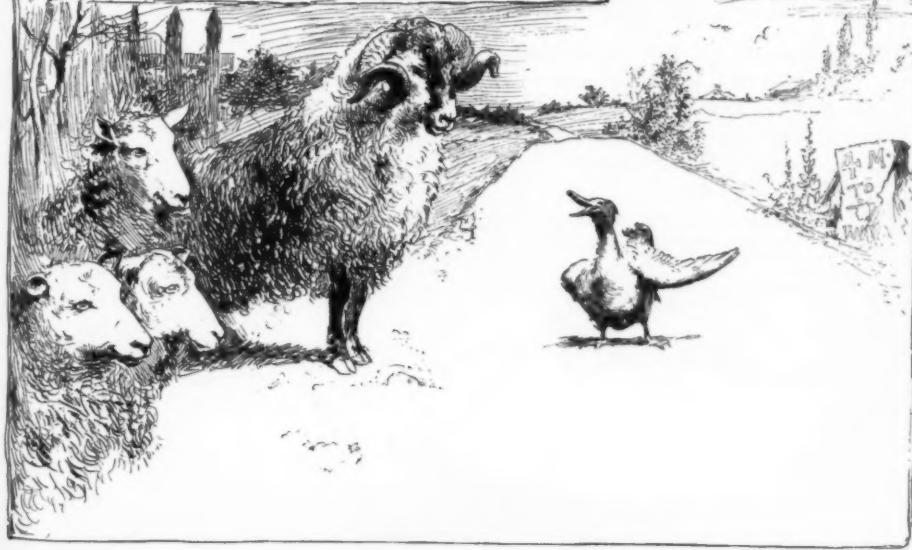
Moo, moo, moo!

He owned a cow and he owned some sheep,  
And what could the poor man do?





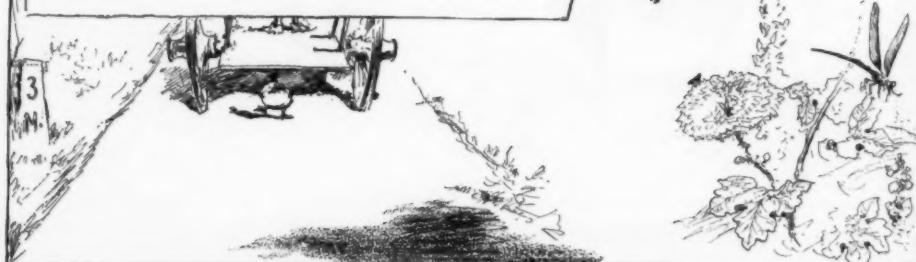
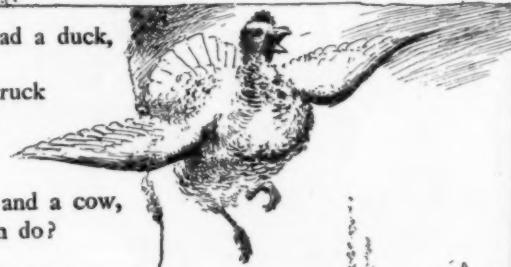
There was an old farmer who owned a pig,  
Whoof, whoof, whoof!  
He used to dress up in the farmer's wig,  
And dance on the pig-pen roof.  
Whoof, whoof! Baa, baa!  
Moo, moo, moo!  
He owned a pig, some sheep, and a cow,  
And what could the poor man do?

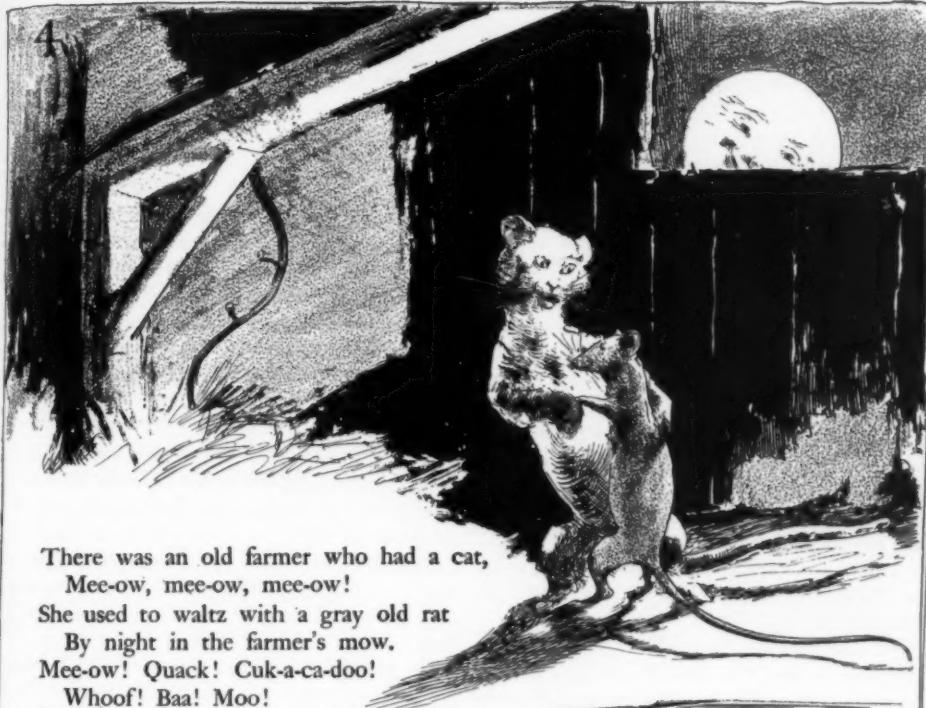


There was an old farmer who owned a hen,  
 Cuk-a-ca-doo, ca-doo!  
 She used to lay eggs for the three hired men,  
 And some for the weasel, too.  
 Cuk-a-ca-doo! Whoof, whoof!  
 Baa, baa! Moo!  
 He owned a hen, pig, sheep, and a cow,  
 And what could the poor man do?



There was an old farmer who had a duck,  
 Quack, quack, quack!  
 She waddled under a two-horse truck  
 For four long miles and back.  
 Quack, quack! Cuk-a-ca-doo!  
 Whoof! Baa! Moo!  
 With a duck, hen, pig, a sheep, and a cow,  
 Pray what could the poor man do?





There was an old farmer who had a cat,  
Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow!  
She used to waltz with a gray old rat  
By night in the farmer's mow.  
Mee-ow! Quack! Cuk-a-ca-doo!  
Whoof! Baa! Moo!

With cat, duck, hen, pig, sheep, and a cow,  
Pray what could the poor man do?



## LADY JANE.

BY MRS. C. V. JAMISON.

### CHAPTER XXV.

#### TANTE MODESTE FINDS LADY JANE.

WHEN Paichoux read of the death of Madame Jozain in the charity hospital, he said decidedly, "Modeste, that woman never left the city. She never went to Texas. She has been hidden here all the time, and I must find that child."

"And if you find her, Papa, bring her right here to me," said the kind-hearted woman. "We have several children, it's true; but there's always room for Lady Jane, and I love the little girl as well as if she was mine."

Paichoux was gone nearly all day, and, much to the disappointment of the whole family, he did not find Lady Jane.

His first visit had been to the charity hospital, where he learned that Madame Jozain had been brought there a few days before by the charity wagon. It had been called to a miserable little cabin back of the city, where they had found the woman very ill, with no one to care for her, and destitute of every necessity. There was no child with her—she was quite alone; and in the few lucid intervals that preceded her death she had never spoken of any child. Paichoux then obtained the address from the driver of the charity wagon, and, after some search, he found the wretched neighborhood. There, all they could tell him was that the woman had come a few weeks before; that she had brought very little with her, and appeared to be in ill-health. There was no child with her then, and none of the neighbors had ever seen one visit her, or, for that matter, a grown person either. When she became worse, they were afraid she might die alone, and had called the charity wagon to take her to the hospital. The Public Administrator had taken charge of what little property she had left, and that was all they could tell.

Did any one know where she lived before she

came there? No one knew; an old negro had brought her, and her few things, and they had not noticed the number of his wagon. The landlord of the squalid place said that the same old man who brought her had engaged her room; he did not know the negro. Madame had paid a month's rent in advance, and just when the month was up she had been carried to the hospital.

There the information stopped, and, in spite of every effort, Paichoux could learn no more. The wretched woman had indeed obliterated, as it were, every trace of the child. In her fear of detection, after Lady Jane's escape from her, she had moved from place to place, hunted and pursued by a guilty conscience that would never allow her to rest, and gradually going from bad to worse, until she had died in that last refuge for the miserable, the charity hospital.

"And here I am, just where I started!" said Paichoux, dejectedly, after he had told Tante Modeste of his day's adventures. "However," said he, "I sha'n't give it up. I'm bound to find out what she did with that child. The more I think of it, the more I'm convinced that she never went to Texas, and that the child is still here. Now, I've a mind to visit every orphan asylum in the city, and see if I can't find her in one of them."

"I'll go with you," said Tante Modeste. "We'll see for ourselves, and then we shall be satisfied. Unless she gave the child away, Lady Jane's likely to be in some such place; and I think, as I always have, Paichoux, that she stole Lady Jane from some rich family, and that was why she ran off so suddenly and hid. That lady's coming the day after, proves that some one was on Madame's track. Oh, I tell you there's a mystery there, if we can only get at it! We'll start out to-morrow and see what can be done. I sha'n't rest until

the child is found and restored to her own people."

One morning, while Lady Jane was in the school-room, busy with her lessons, Margaret entered with some visitors. It was a very common thing for people to come during study hours, and the child did not look up until she heard some one say: "These are the children of that age; see if you recognize 'Lady Jane' among them."

It was her old name that startled her, and made her turn suddenly toward the man and woman who were looking eagerly about the room. In an instant the bright-faced woman cried, "Yes! yes! Oh, there she is"; and simultaneously, Lady Jane exclaimed, "Tante Modeste, oh, Tante Modeste!" and quicker than I can tell it, she was clasped to the loving heart of her old friend, while Paichoux looked on, twirling his hat and smiling broadly.

"Jane, you can come with us," said Margaret, as she led the way to the parlor.

There was a long and interesting conversation, to which the child listened with grave wonder, while she nestled close to Tante Modeste. She did not understand all they said; there was a great deal about Madame Jozain and Good Children Street, and a gold watch with diamond initials, and beautiful linen with the initial letters J. C. embroidered on it, and Madame's sudden flight, and the visit of the elegant lady in the fine carriage, the Texas story, and Madame's wretched hiding place, and miserable death in the charity hospital; to all of which Margaret listened with surprise and interest. Then she in turn told the Paichoux how Lady Jane had been found looking in the window on Christmas Eve, while she clung to the railings, half clad and suffering with the cold, and how she had questioned her and endeavored to get some clew to her identity.

"Why did n't you tell Mother Margaret about

your friends in Good Children Street, my dear?" asked Tante Modeste, with one of her bright smiles.

Lady Jane hesitated a moment, and then replied timidly, "Because I was afraid."

"What were you afraid of, my child?" asked Paichoux kindly.

"Tante Pauline told me that I must n't." Then she stopped and looked wistfully at Margaret. "Must I tell now, Mother Margaret? Will it be right to tell? Tante Pauline told me not to," she asked, eagerly.



"PAICHOUX LOOKED ON, SMILING BROADLY."

"Yes, my dear, you can tell everything now. It's right, you must tell us all you remember."

"Tante Pauline told me that I must never, never speak of Good Children Street, nor of any one that lived there, and that I must never tell any one my name, nor where I lived."

"Poor child!" said Margaret to Paichoux. "There must have been some serious reason for so much secrecy. Yes, I agree with you that there's a mystery which we must try to clear up, but I would rather wait a little while. Jane has a friend, who is very rich and very influential,—Mrs. Lanier, the banker's wife. She is absent in Washington, and when she returns,

I 'll consult with her and we 'll see what 's best to be done. I should n't like to take any important step until then. But in the mean time, 'Mr. Paichoux, it will do no harm to put your plan in operation. I think the idea is good, and in this way we can work together."

Then Paichoux promised to begin his investigations at once, for he was certain that they would bring about some good results, and that before many months had passed, Mother Margaret would have one orphan less to care for.

While Margaret and Paichoux were discussing these important matters, Tante Modeste and Lady Jane were talking as fast as their tongues could fly. The child heard for the first time about poor Mam'selle Diane's loss, and her eyes filled with tears of sympathy for her gentle friend. And then there were Pepsie and Madelon, Gex and Tite,—did they remember her and want to see her? Oh, how glad she was to hear from them all again. And Tante Modeste cried a little when Lady Jane told her of that terrible midnight ride, of the wretched home to which she had been carried, of her singing and begging in the streets, of her cold and hunger—and of the blow she had received as the crowning cruelty.

"But the worst of all was losing Tony. Oh, Tante Modeste," and the tears sprang to her eyes, "I 'm afraid I 'll never, never find him!"

"Yes you will, my dear. I 've faith to believe you will," replied Tante Modeste, hopefully. "We 've found you, *ma petite*, and now we 'll find the bird. Don't fret about it."

Then, after Margaret had promised to take Lady Jane to Good Children Street the next day, the good couple went away, well pleased with what they had accomplished.

Tante Modeste could not return home until she had told Pepsie as well as little Gex the good news, and Mam'selle Diane's sad heart was greatly cheered to know that the dear child was safe in the care of the good Margaret. And oh, what bright hopes and plans filled the lonely hours of that evening, as she sat dreaming on her little gallery in the pale, cold moonlight!

The next day, Pepsie cried and laughed together when Lady Jane sprang into her arms and embraced her with the old fervor.

"You 're just the same," she said, holding the child off and looking at her fondly; "that is, your face has n't changed; but I don't like your hair braided, and I don't like your clothes. I must get Mother Margaret to let me dress you as I used to."

And Mam'selle Diane had something of the same feeling, when, after the first long embrace, she looked at the child, and asked Mother Margaret if it was necessary for her to wear the uniform of the home.

"She must wear it while she is an inmate," replied Margaret, smiling. "But that will not be long, I suspect; we shall lose her—yes, I 'm afraid we shall lose her soon."

Then, Mam'selle Diane talked a long while with Margaret, about her hopes and plans for Lady Jane. "I am all alone," she said, pathetically, "and she would give me a new interest in life. If her relatives are not discovered, why cannot I have her? I will educate her, and teach her music, and devote my life to her."

Margaret promised to think it over, and in the mean time she consented that Lady Jane should remain a few days with Mam'selle Diane and her friends in Good Children Street.

That night, while the child was nestled close to Mam'selle Diane, as they sat together on the little moonlit gallery, she suddenly asked with startling earnestness:

"Has your Mamma gone to heaven too, Mam'selle Diane?"

"I hope so, my darling; I think so," replied Diane in a choked voice.

"Well, then, if she has, she 'll see my Papa and Mamma and tell them about me, and oh, Mam'selle, won't they be glad to hear from me?"

"I hope she will tell them how dearly I love you, and what you are to me," murmured Mam'selle, pressing her cheek to the bright little head resting against her shoulder.

"Look up there, Mam'selle Diane; do you see those two beautiful stars so near together? I always think they are Mamma and Papa watching me. Now I know Mamma is there too, and will never come back again; and see, near those there is another very soft and bright; perhaps that is *your* Mamma shining there with them."

"Perhaps it is, my dear. Yes, perhaps it is," and Mam'selle Diane raised her faded eyes toward the sky, with new hope and strength in their calm depths.

About that time Paichoux began a most laborious correspondence with a fashionable jeweler in New York, which resulted in some very valuable information concerning a watch with a diamond monogram.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### AT MRS. LANIER'S.

It was a few days before the following Christmas, and Mrs. Lanier, who had just returned from Washington, was sitting alone one evening in her own pretty little parlor, when a servant handed her a card.

"Arthur Maynard," she read. "Let him come up at once"; and as the servant left the room, she added to herself: "Dear boy! I'm so glad he's come for Christmas."

In a moment the handsome young fellow was in the room, shaking hands in the most cordial way.

"You see I'm home, as usual, for the holidays, Mrs. Lanier," he said, showing a row of very white teeth when he laughed.

"Yes, you always do come for Christmas and Mardi-gras, don't you? You're such a boy still, Arthur," and Mrs. Lanier looked at him as if she approved of his boyishness. "Sit down and let us have a long chat. The children have gone to the theater with Mr. Lanier. I was too tired to go with them. You know we reached home only this morning."

"No; I did n't know that, or I would n't have come. You don't wish to be bothered with me when you're so tired," said Arthur, rising.

"Nonsense, Arthur; sit down. You always cheer me up. You're so full of life and spirits, I'm really glad to see you."

While Mrs. Lanier was speaking, the young fellow's bright, clear eyes were traveling about the room, and glancing at everything, pictures, *bric-à-brac*, and flowers. Suddenly, he uttered an exclamation, and, springing up, seized a photograph in a velvet frame that stood on a cabinet near him.

It represented a family group: father, mother, and child; and for a moment he seemed too surprised to speak. Then he asked in a very excited tone, "Mrs. Lanier, where did you get this, and who is the lady?"

"She is a friend of mine," said Mrs. Lanier, much surprised. "Why do you ask—have you ever seen her?"

"Yes, yes; and I have a copy of this picture. It is such a strange story; but first, before I say a word, please tell me who she is, and all about her."

"Why, Arthur, you seem greatly interested," returned Mrs. Lanier, with a smile. "The lady is my dear friend, Jane Chetwynd. We were classmates at boarding-school in New York; her father is the rich Mr. Chetwynd. You have heard of him, have n't you?"

"Yes, indeed; but please go on."

"Do you want all the history?"

"Everything, please. I've a serious reason for wanting to know all about the originals of this photograph."

"Well, the gentleman is Jane's husband, Mr. Churchill, an Englishman, and the little girl is 'Lady Jane,' their only child. There's quite a romance connected with Jane's history, and I'm just now floundering in a sea of darkness in regard to that same Jane Chetwynd."

"If you please, go on, and perhaps I can help you out," urged the young man, eagerly and abruptly.

"Well, as it's a subject I'm greatly interested in, I don't mind telling you the whole story. Jane Chetwynd was the only daughter—her mother died when she was a child. Jane was her father's idol, he had great plans for her, and when she was only eighteen he hoped she would marry one of the rich Bindervilles. Jane, however, married a young Englishman who was in her father's employ. The young man was handsome, as you can see by his picture, well born, and well educated; but he was unknown and poor. To Richard Chetwynd that was unpardonable, and, therefore, he disowned Jane—cut her off entirely, refused to see her, or even to allow her name to be mentioned."

"A cousin of Mr. Churchill, who lived in England, owned a fine ranch in Texas, and there the young couple went to pass their

honeymoon. They were delighted with the ranch, and decided to make it a permanent home.

"Their little girl was born there, and was named for her mother. On account of some dainty little ways, and to avoid confusing her name and her mother's, her father called her Lady Jane.

"In her frequent letters to me, my friend spoke of her as a remarkable child, and, of course, she was the idol of her parents. In spite of the trouble with her father, Jane never regretted her choice, and even her isolated life had many charms for her. She was of a quiet, domestic disposition, and loved the country. Indeed, I know her life there was one of idyllic happiness. When the child was three years old, Jane sent me that picture; then, about two more years passed during which time I heard from her frequently, and after that, suddenly, the correspondence stopped. I was in Europe for a year, and when I returned, I set to work to find out the cause. Many letters were returned from San Antonio, the nearest post-office; but finally we succeeded in communicating with the overseer on the ranch, who informed us that Mr. Churchill had died suddenly of a prevalent fever, the summer before—more than two years ago, now—and that Mrs. Churchill, with her little girl, had left the ranch directly after her husband's death to return to New York, since which time he had received no news of her; and in his letter the overseer also expressed surprise at her long silence, as he said she had left many valuable things that were to be sent to her when and where she should direct, after she reached New York; he had since received no instructions and the property was still in Texas.

"Then I wrote directly to New York, to a friend who was very intimate at one time with the Chetwynds, for some information about Jane; but she could tell me nothing more than the newspapers told me, that Richard Chetwynd had gone abroad, to remain some years. Of Jane, I could not hear a word.

"Sometimes, I think she may have followed her father to Europe, and that they are reconciled and living there together. But why does she not write to me—to the friend whom she always loved so dearly?

"Then, there is another thing that has worried me no little, although in itself it is a trifle. When we were at school together, I had a little birthday gift made at Tiffany's for Jane, a silver jewel-box, engraved with pansies and forget-me-nots, and a lot of school-girl nonsense. I made the design myself, and the design for the monogram also. About a year ago I found *that very box* for sale at Madame Hortense's, on Canal Street. When I asked Hortense where she got it, she told me that it was left with her to sell by a woman who lived down town on Good Children Street; and she gave me the name and the address; but when I went there, after a day or two, the woman had gone—left mysteriously in the night, and none of the neighbors could tell me where she went. Of course the woman's sudden disappearance made me feel that there was something wrong about her, and I can't help thinking that she got the little box dishonestly. It may have been stolen, either in Texas or in New York, and finally drifted here for sale. I took possession of it at once, very thankful that such a precious relic of my girlhood should have accidentally fallen into my hands; but every time I look at it, I feel that it is a key which might unlock a mystery, if only I knew how to use it."

All the while Mrs. Lanier was speaking, Arthur Maynard followed every word with bright, questioning eyes, and eager, intense interest. Sometimes he seemed about to interrupt her; then he closed his lips firmly and continued to listen.

Mrs. Lanier was looking at him inquiringly, and when he waited as if to hear more, she said: "I have told you all. Now, what have you to tell me?"

"Something quite as strange as anything you have told me," replied Arthur Maynard, with an enigmatical air. "You must not think you're the only one with a mystery worthy the skill of a Parisian detective. If I had any such talent, I might make myself famous, with your clues and my clues together."

"What in the world do you mean, Arthur? What do you know?—for pity's sake tell me! You can't think how Jane Chetwynd's long silence distresses me!"

"Fool that I was!" cried the young fellow,

jumping up and pacing the room with a half tragic air. "If I had n't been an idiot—a simpleton—a gosling—if I'd had a spark of sense, I could have brought that same Jane Chetwynd, and the adorable little Lady Jane, straight to your door. Instead of that, I let them get off the train at Gretna alone, when it was nearly dark, and—Heaven only knows what happened to them!"

"Arthur Maynard, what *do* you mean?" asked Mrs. Lanier, rising to her feet, pale and trembling. "When—where—where is she now—where is Jane Chetwynd?"

"I wish I knew. I'm as wretched and anxious as you are, Mrs. Lanier, and what has happened to-day has quite upset me; but I must tell you my story, as you have told yours."

And then, while Mrs. Lanier listened with clasped hands and intent gaze, Arthur Maynard told of the meeting with Lady Jane and her mother on the train, of the gift of "Tony," the blue heron, and of the separation at Gretna.

"Oh, Arthur, why—*why* did n't you go with them, and bring them to me? She was a stranger, and she did n't know the way, and—your being our friend and all."

"My dear Mrs. Lanier, she never mentioned your name or number. How could I guess you were the friend to whom she was going? and I did n't like to seem presuming."

"But where did she go? She never came here!"

"Wait till I have told you the rest and then we will discuss that. I stood on the platform until the train started, and watched them walking toward the ferry, the mother very feebly, and the child skipping along with the little basket, delighted with her new possession. Then I went back to my seat, angry enough at myself because I was n't with them, when what should I see on the floor, under their seat, but a book they had left. I have it now, and I'll bring it to you to-morrow; inside of the book was a photograph, a duplicate of this, and on the flyleaf was written 'Jane Chetwynd.'"

"I thought so! I knew it was Jane!" exclaimed Mrs. Lanier, excitedly. "But she never came here. Where could she have gone?"

"That's the mystery. She may have changed

her mind and gone to a hotel, or something may have happened to her. I don't know. I don't like to think of it! However, the next day, I advertised the book, and advertised it for a week; but it was never claimed, and from that day to this, I've never been able to discover either the mother or the child."

"How strange, how very strange!" said Mrs. Lanier, greatly troubled. "Why should she have changed her mind so suddenly? If she had started to come to me, why did n't she come?"

"The only reasonable solution to the problem is that she changed her mind and went on to New York by the night train. She evidently did not go to a hotel, for I have looked over all the hotel registers of that time, and her name does not appear on any of them. So far there is nothing very mysterious; she might have taken the night train."

"Oh, Arthur, she probably did. Why do you say, she *might have*?"

"Because, you see, I have a sequel to my story. You had a sequel to yours, a sequel of a box. Mine is a sequel of a bird,—the blue heron I gave the little Lady Jane. *I bought that same blue heron from a bird-fancier on Charter Street this very morning.*"

"How can you be sure that it is the same bird, Arthur? How can you be sure?"

"Because it was marked in a peculiar way. It had three distinct black crosses on one wing. I knew the rogue as soon as I saw him, although he has grown twice the size, and—would you believe it?—he has the same leather band on his leg that I sewed on more than two years ago."

"And you found out where the fancier bought him?" asked Mrs. Lanier, breathlessly.

"Of course I asked, the first thing; but all the information I could get from the merchant was that he bought him from an Italian a few days before, who was very anxious to sell him. When I called the bird by his name, Tony, he recognized it instantly. So you see that he has probably been called by that name."

"The child must have lost him, or he must have been stolen. Then, the box, the jewel-box here, too. Good heavens! Arthur, what can it mean?"

"It means that Mrs. Churchill never left New Orleans," said Arthur, decidedly.

"My dear Arthur, you alarm me!" cried Mrs. Lanier. "There is something dreadful behind all this. Go on and tell me everything you know."

"Well, after I bought the bird, and while I was writing my address for the man to send him home, a funny little old Frenchman came in, and suddenly pounced on Tony, and began to jabber in the most absurd way. I thought he was crazy at first; but after a while, I made him understand that the heron belonged to me; and when I had calmed him down somewhat, I gathered from his remarks that this identical blue heron had been the property of 'one leetle lady,' who formerly lived on Good Children Street."

"Good Children Street," interrupted Mrs. Lanier, opening her eyes. "What a remarkable coincidence!"

"—That the bird had been lost, and that he had searched everywhere to find it for the 'leetle lady.' Then I asked him for a description of the 'leetle lady,' and, as I live, Mrs. Lanier, he described that child to the life," and Arthur Maynard pointed to the photograph as he spoke.

"Oh, Arthur, can it be that Jane Chetwynd is *dead*? What else can it mean? Where is the child? I must see her. Will you go with me to Good Children Street early to-morrow?"

"Certainly, Mrs. Lanier. But she is not there. The old man told me a long story of a Madame Jozain, who ran away with the child."

"Madame Jozain!" cried Mrs. Lanier excitedly—"the same woman who had the jewel-box!"

"Evidently the same, and we are on her track,—or we should be if she were alive; but,

unfortunately, she 's dead. The little Frenchman says so, and he says the child is now in Mother Margaret's Orphans' Home. I meant to go there to-day."

"Oh, I see it all now. It is as clear as day to me!" cried Mrs. Lanier, springing from her chair and walking excitedly back and forth. "It is all explained—the mysterious attraction I felt for that child from the first. Her eyes, her voice, her smile are Jane Chetwynd's. Arthur, would you know her if you saw her?"

"Certainly. She has n't grown out of my recollection in two years, though of course she may not resemble the photograph so much. You see it is four or five years since that was taken; but she can't have changed in two years so that I won't know her, and I 'm very sure also that she 'll remember me."

"Well, come to-morrow at eleven, and I think I can have her here. The lovely child in Margaret's Home, in whom I have felt such an interest, must be the one. Her name is Jane. I will write to Mother Margaret at once, to bring her here to-morrow morning, and Arthur, if you can identify her, she is Jane Chetwynd's child without a doubt;—but Jane—poor Jane! what *has* happened to her? It is a mystery, and I shall never rest until it is explained."

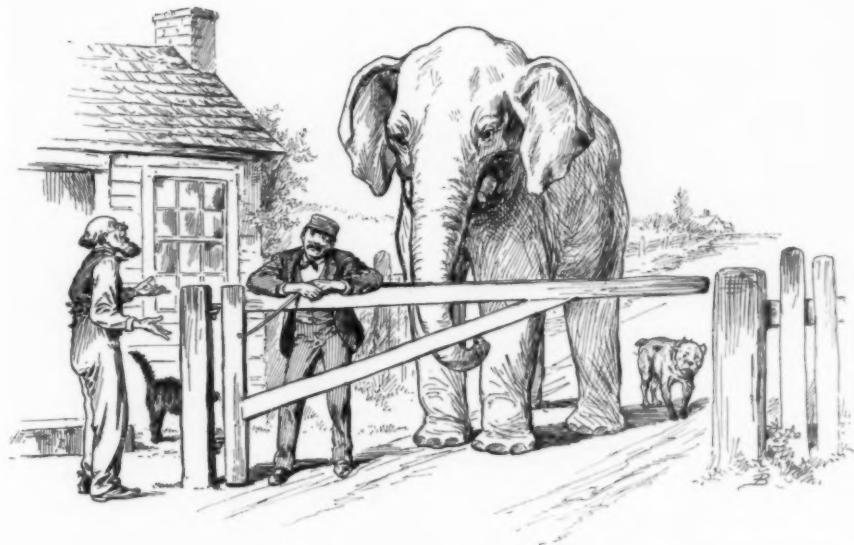
"And perhaps you will hate me for my stupidity," replied Arthur, looking very much cast down, as he shook hands and said good-night.

"No, no, my dear boy. You were not in the least to blame, and perhaps your generosity in giving Lady Jane the blue heron may be the means of restoring her to her friends."

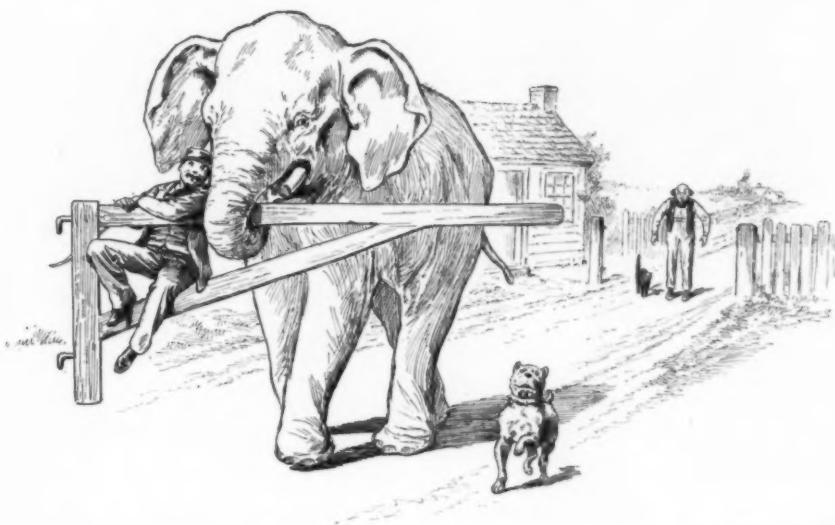
Thinking the matter over from Mrs. Lanier's point of view, Arthur went away somewhat comforted, but still very anxious about the developments the next day might bring forth.

(To be concluded.)





A DISPUTE ABOUT THE TOLL.



THE DISPUTE SETTLED.



SANTA CLAUS AND HIS BODY-GUARD.

## THE BOYHOOD OF MICHAEL ANGELO.

BY ALEXANDER BLACK.

ON a certain day, a little over four hundred years ago, two boys walked homeward through the streets of the beautiful city of Florence. The name of one of the boys was Francesco Granacci, who was then a pupil of the leading painter of the city, Domenico Ghirlandajo. The name of the other boy, who had that day, in company with his friend, made his first visit to the great artist's studio, was Michael Angelo.

This was a great day for Michael Angelo. For months and years he had dreamed of being an artist, and now for the first time he had seen and spoken to the famous teacher, watched the work of the pupils gathered in the studio. Had it been left to his choice, Michael Angelo would have joined the school the next morning. But he had no reason to believe his father would allow him to take up paint brushes instead of going into a profession, or the woolen trade, like his brothers.

In fact, it was because his parents, who were of some rank in Florence, though with little wealth, had planned for him a great position in law or politics, that Angelo had been sent to an academy where it was expected he would get a good education. But instead of studying his books, Angelo made chalk drawings on the walls and floor of his room. This greatly disappointed his father, who first rebuked him, and then, when the lessons were persistently neglected for the pictures, added a flogging. The whole family was worried about the boy's obstinate wish to be an artist. This was why the lad, elated by his visit to the art-school, was still doubtful of the effect his enthusiasm might produce at home.

This enthusiasm would have had little influence with Michael Angelo's father, but for one important fact. This important fact was that the boy's drawings had extraordinary merit. Nobody, not even the annoyed brothers and

uncles who made such continued remonstrance, denied that they were remarkable. So that something more eloquent than Michael Angelo's spoken arguments was constantly pleading his cause. Perceiving that his son had not merely great energy, and great hopes, but great natural aptitude for art, the father finally gave up his own cherished plans, and permitted Michael Angelo to become an apprentice of Ghirlandajo.

When this long-desired permission was given, Michael Angelo was just passing his thirteenth birthday. How much confidence the master had in his new apprentice is shown by the fact that instead of exacting a fee, or taking him on trial, he agreed to pay Michael Angelo six gold florins for the first year, eight for the second, and ten for the third. From the outset, the young artist pursued his studies, as well as the apprentice work assigned to him, with the utmost earnestness and activity. His progress in drawing astonished his companions, and almost bewildered his master, who one day exclaimed on seeing one of Angelo's original sketches: "The boy already knows more about art than I do myself."

At this time the control of the Florentine government was in the hands of Lorenzo de' Medici, then probably the most distinguished man in all Italy. Lorenzo took a most tyrannical view of the people's rights, and his personal habits were not always what they should have been. But he was a man with a brilliant mind, who made great and successful efforts to increase the splendor of the city, and who came to be called Lorenzo the Magnificent. He gave every encouragement to art and literature, particularly when they might extend his own reputation for magnificence. His taste and judgment in matters of art were equal to his shrewdness and courage as a politician. During the time of Michael Angelo's apprenticeship,

Lorenzo formed new plans for furthering art study in the gardens of San Marco, in which he placed many valuable examples of the ancient masters. When Lorenzo suggested to Ghirlandajo the sending of worthy pupils to study sculpture in these gardens, the master selected Michael Angelo and his friend Francesco.

It has frequently been said that the Florentine teacher was jealous of Michael Angelo's genius as a draughtsman, and was prompted by this feeling, in turning the lad from painting to sculpture. Ghirlandajo had certainly received some occasion for irritation, since the apprentice was always very positive in his opinions, and, on one occasion, at least, went so far as to correct a drawing which the master himself had given to one of his pupils as a model. Yet there is no evidence of any unkindly feeling in Ghirlandajo's recommendation. It is quite probable that Michael Angelo had shown a strong leaning toward sculpture. At any rate, he was as delighted to find himself in the gardens of San Marco as if he had been dropped into the Garden of Eden.

One afternoon, the Duke Lorenzo in walking through the garden came upon young Michael Angelo, who was busily chiseling his first piece of sculpture. The Duke saw in the stone the face of a faun which the boy was copying from an antique mask, but which, with his usual impatience of imitation, he was changing so as to show the open lips and teeth. "How is it," said the Duke, drawing closer, "that you have given your faun a complete set of teeth? Don't you know that such an old fellow was sure to have lost some of them?" Michael Angelo at once saw the justice of the criticism. Artists are not always ready to receive adverse comment. Michael Angelo himself was quick-tempered and hard to move. A hot word to one of his boy companions on a certain occasion brought so severe a blow in the face, that all truthful portraits of Michael Angelo have since had to show him with a broken nose. But the Duke's criticism was kindly given, and was plainly warranted, and the young sculptor could hardly wait until the Duke walked on before beginning the correction. When the Duke saw the faun's face again he found some of the teeth gone, and the empty sockets skilfully chiseled out.

Delighted with this evidence of the lad's willingness to seize and act upon a suggestion, and impressed anew by his artistic skill, the Duke made inquiries, learned that Michael Angelo had borrowed stone and tools on his own account in his eagerness to begin sculpture (he was first set at drawing from the statuary), and ended by sending for the boy's father. The result of the consultation was that the Duke took Michael Angelo under his own special patronage and protection, and was so well pleased after he had done it that no favor seemed too great to bestow upon the energetic young artist. Michael Angelo, then only fifteen, not only received a key to the Garden of Sculpture, and an apartment in the Medici Palace itself, but had a place at the Duke's table. In fact, a real attachment grew up between Michael Angelo and the Duke, who frequently called the boy to his own rooms, when he would open a cabinet of gems and intaglios, seek his young visitor's opinions, and enter into long and confidential talks.

Michael Angelo found himself in the company of the best instructors, and otherwise surrounded by many influences that developed his mind and incited his ambition. The most illustrious people in Italy were daily visitors at the Palace, where the Duke not only gave imposing entertainments, but gathered quiet groups of artists, writers, and musicians. It is likely that there were many distracting and even dangerous temptations in life at such a palace. But fortunately Michael Angelo had a strong will, and little love for things that were not noble. He permitted nothing to stop his progress in art.

It was under the encouragement of one of his teachers that Michael Angelo, when about seventeen, undertook to chisel an important bas-relief of the Centaurs and the Lapithæ, in which his success was marvelous. Michael Angelo himself, looking on the work many years later, said that he wished he had never given a moment to anything but sculpture.

This remark of Michael Angelo recalls the fact that at the time the Centaurs were carved the author of the work was steadily increasing his knowledge and grasp of painting and architecture, as well as acquiring useful ideas of history and literature. A world of thought-riches

was opening up before him. It may, therefore, be imagined that his grief was very great when, at the end of three years of such happy advancement, the Duke Lorenzo died, and Michael Angelo returned to his father's house in much misery of mind, and set up his studio there. Lorenzo's son Piero asked the boy back to the palace. But the place never was the same, for the new Duke had not his father's qualities of mind. One of his whims was to induce Michael Angelo to work during a severe winter on an immense figure in snow. This was undoubtedly the finest snow man ever built; but Michael Angelo had no heart for work that so soon must melt away.

Before his return to the palace, Michael Angelo had begun a series of careful studies in anatomy, to familiarize himself with every line and dimension of the figure. He toiled at this study for years, until his mastery of the human form was complete. He never painted or chiseled a figure without working out in a drawing the most delicate details of the anat-

Michael Angelo was born in 1475 at a castle in Tuscany where his father held office as a Governor. His father's name was Ludovico Buonarroti, and he himself was christened Michelagniolo Buonarroti, but for four centuries he has been popularly called Michael Angelo. The head of a faun, upon which the boy worked in the San Marco Gardens, may still be seen in one of the museums of Florence. The piece of sculpture representing Michael Angelo at work on the faun's head, and which forms the frontispiece to this number of *St. NICHOLAS*, was

executed by Emilio Zocchi, and occupies a place in the Pitti Gallery at Florence.

omy, so that no turn of vein or muscle might be false to the absolute truth. It is by such means that any mastery is secured. Behind every work of genius, whether book, picture, or engine, is an amount of labor and pains—yes, and of *pain*—that would have frightened off a weak spirit.

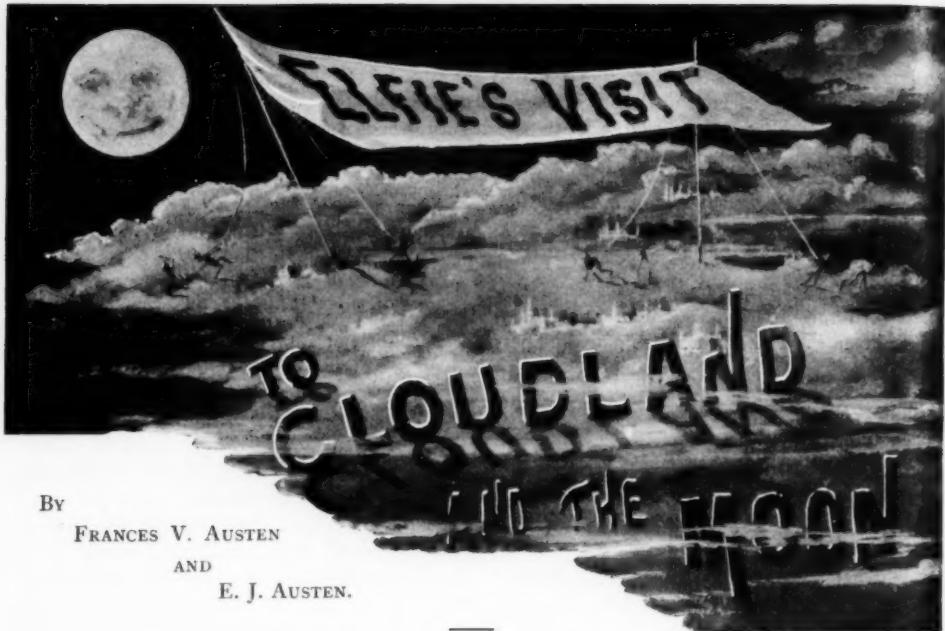
When political disturbances broke out in Florence, Michael Angelo hurried away to Venice, and to Bologna. Poor Florence was always tumbling from one revolution into another. The troubles of Florence were reflected in the life of Michael Angelo, who never again found the peace of those San Marco gardens. But Michael Angelo's stern and courageous mind was never crushed by disappointment. After a life crowded with labors, he left behind him colossal triumphs in painting, in architecture, and in sculpture, besides making a great name as a poet. He was a giant in every labor that he undertook, one of the world's greatest men.

## A DECEMBER DITTY.

BY ALICE WILLIAMS BROTHERTON.

THE Holly, oh, the Holly!  
Green leaf, and berry red,  
Is the plant that thrives in winter  
When all the rest are fled.  
When snows are on the ground,  
And the skies are gray and drear,  
The Holly comes at Christmas-tide  
And brings the Christmas cheer.  
Sing the Mistletoe, the Ivy,  
And the Holly-bush so gay,  
That come to us in winter—  
No summer friends are they.

Give me the sturdy friendship  
That will ever loyal hold,  
And give me the hardy Holly  
That dares the winter's cold;  
Oh, the roses bloom in June,  
When the skies are bright and clear,  
But the Holly comes at Christmas-tide  
The best time o' the year.  
Sing the Holly, and the Ivy,  
And the merry Mistletoe,  
That come to us in winter  
When the fields are white with snow!



By

FRANCES V. AUSTEN

AND

E. J. AUSTEN.

#### TRICK THE FIRST.

HOW ELFIE WONDERED ABOUT THE MOON AND  
MOTHER GOOSE, AND HOW E-MA-JI-NA-SHUN  
APPEARED OUT OF THE SMOKE.

ONCE upon a time, although it was not such a very *very* long time ago, there lived a little girl named Elfie.

Her home was with her papa and mama in one of those pretty villages on the banks of the great Hudson River, which you all know winds through the State of New York. The mighty Catskill Mountains, where old Rip Van Winkle was lost, were not far from her house.

She was really a very pretty child with brown eyes and lovely fair curling hair, and was seven years old on her latest birthday. Besides her papa and mama she had a most delightful grandma and grandpa who lived with them, both of whom used to tell her the most beautiful fairy stories that any little girl ever listened to.

Then she had several aunties who lived in the city, one of whom, Auntie Louie, was quite as good as a story-book herself, for she had been all over the world, and loved to tell tales of her travels to whoever would listen to her. There

was an Aunt Eva, who was very fond of Elfie, and would play with her by the hour, and an Uncle George, who was just as good and kind as Uncle Georges always are in the story-books. So you see that Elfie had no lack of friends, and had so many people to tell her stories that her little mind was full of Mother Goose and goblins and princes and fairies and all the wonderful things that have been written for the amusement of children since the beginning of the world.

Now you would think that if ever there was anybody who ought to be happy, Elfie ought to have been; but in spite of all the stories she had heard and read, and in spite of all the play-things she had to amuse her, she was, in many ways, the most discontented little girl that ever lived. She was always wishing for something that she did not have: one day for a bigger dolly, another for three birthdays a year, another for something else — always wishing, wishing.

You have all read or heard of the little boy who cried for the moon. Well, Elfie actually did that, too, until she grew old enough to know that no one could climb up to get it for her; and then she began to wish she could go there. She kept wishing this so much, that at

last she began to think of very little else, and when in the evening it grew dark, so that she could not see to play any more, she would creep to a seat at the window and watch for the moon.

One thing that surprised her more than anything else about the moon, was the way it would first appear as a tiny streak, and then every night grow a little bigger till at last it was as big and as round as the prize pumpkin Elfie had seen at the State Fair. She supposed it must grow during the day; but then no sooner did it become quite round and full than it would get smaller every night, just as mysteriously as it had grown, till at last it would disappear altogether, to make way for a new one. This puzzled Elfie a great deal; and although she did not speak to people about it, for fear they would laugh at her, or give her some funny answer, she often wished some one would tell her the reason. She became so curious about it that she even dreamed about it; but her dreams never told her why the moon grew larger and smaller, or why it disappeared and came again.

Another thing that worried Elfie greatly was whether Mother Goose was a real person or not. "Who was she?" she wondered. "Was she a 'surely' old lady who gave up her whole time to writing those wonderful rhymes, or was it only just make-believe?" Then, who were Little Tommy Tucker, Humpty Dumpty, Little Jack Horner and all the other delightful people she wrote about? Did they really live anywhere, or were they like old Mother Goose, just "made up"?

Good gracious! when Elfie began to think and wonder, it seemed as if she never would be able to live long enough to find out all about it. To be sure, Uncle George always talked about Mother Goose, and Jack and Jill, and the rest, as if he knew them quite well; and she was quite sure in her own mind that Santa Claus was a real person because her papa and mama and every one of her aunties used to speak of him, just as if they had met him, and did he not always bring her the loveliest presents at Christmas?

Elfie used to feel that if she could only be grown up she would know all about him, just as every one else did.

One Christmas-day, Santa Claus had brought

her more presents than ever, and among them was a splendid book of Mother Goose's rhymes, full of pictures. Elfie thought she never would become tired of reading it, and looking at the lovely pictures; but, after all, it only set her wondering more than ever as to where the artist who drew the portraits of all these people could have seen them; for he must have seen them somewhere, she thought, or he never could have made these beautiful pictures.

One of papa's friends was an artist, and he was also a great crony of Elfie's; so she made up her mind that the very first time she saw Mr. Krome she would ask him about it.

It was not many days after this that Mr. Krome called at the house and found Elfie sitting in a great easy-chair in front of the fire in the parlor, with her wonderful book.



ELFIE READING MOTHER GOOSE.

"Well, my little wonder-child," he said, "what is the trouble now?—and what is the last mystery that little head is puzzling itself over?"

You see, Mr. Krome had heard something of Elfie's funny questions. He took the little girl on his knee and sat down in the chair. After a short talk, she told him all she had been thinking about, and wound up by asking

him where the artists found all the pictures of Tommy Tucker, Jack Horner and the rest of Mother Goose's family.

Mr. Krome smiled at the number of questions that Elfie asked, but said after a little:

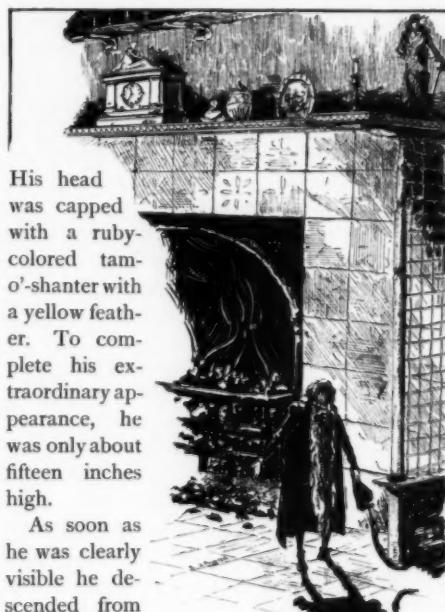
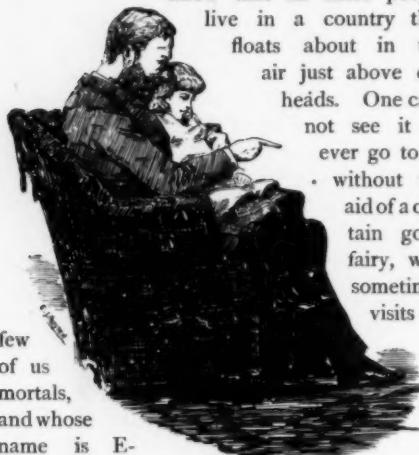
"Well, my dear, I will tell you. You must know that all these people live in a country that floats about in the air just above our heads. One cannot see it or ever go to it, without the aid of a certain good fairy, who sometimes visits a

few of us mortals, and whose name is E-ma-ji-na-shun. The country is the 'Realm of Fancy' or 'Cloudland.'

"Now if you will let me hold you tight and look straight into the fire, I will try to persuade old E-ma-ji-na-shun, who is quite a good friend of mine, and often calls upon me, to pay us a visit and take you back to this wonderful country, where you will perhaps be able to see some of these good people yourself."

Elfie cuddled close up to her friend and fixed her eyes on the fire. For some time she could see nothing but the coal gleaming in the grate, with here and there a deep fiery chasm, while from the mass of black unburned coal on the top shot and flickered tiny little blue flames, which seemed to Elfie, as she sat in her friend's lap, to leap and to dance and to take on all sorts of fantastic shapes. By and by, while she was still looking hard at the fire, she saw that the thin bluish smoke, which had been floating up the chimney in faint streaks, was no longer rising very high from the coals, but was collecting in a little mass of vapor just above the fire, and was slowly taking on the shape of a tiny man. As it grew more and more distinct, she saw that he was very, very old, and that he had a

long white beard, which reached nearly to his toes. He was dressed in the same queer fashion as she had seen in the pictures of goblins and gnomes in her story-books. The color of his garments seemed to have been borrowed from the tints of the fire and the smoke, from which he had come. His tightly fitting jacket, or doublet, was black like the blackest of the coals; so was the outside of a cloak which fell from his shoulders, the lining being the color of the flame. His legs were clad in orange-colored tights, with black trunks slashed with fiery streaks. His hair and beard were the tint of the smoke, and had the same vapory look; the color of his face was like a mixture of hot coals and ashes. His eyes were formed by two of the brightest coals, and twinkled with so much life and jollity that Elfie could see, even if he was as old as his hair and beard made him appear, that he was as full of fun and frolic as a boy.



His head was capped with a ruby-colored tam-o'-shanter with a yellow feather. To complete his extraordinary appearance, he was only about fifteen inches high.

As soon as he was clearly visible he descended from the fireplace, and came forward to where

"HE TOOK OFF HIS CAP AND SAID  
POLITELY, 'AT YOUR SERVICE,  
MY LADY. WHAT IS YOUR  
WILL?'"

Elfie sat on Mr. Krome's knee. He took off his cap with a low bow, and said most politely, "At your service, my lady. What is your will?"

## TRICK THE SECOND.

WHAT E-MA-JI-NA-SHUN TOLD ELFIE ABOUT HIM-  
SELF. THE WONDERFUL RIDE TO CLOUD-  
LAND IN A WREATH OF SMOKE.  
THE CASTLE IN THE AIR.



E. D. Austin, Jr.

LFIE was not a bit frightened, but looked up

at Mr. Krome to tell her what to say. He had already nodded familiarly to the old gentleman, and said in answer to his question :

"First tell this young lady a little about yourself, and then take her on a visit to the 'Realm of Fancy.'"

The little old man's eyes glowed and twinkled merrily as he sat down on a hot coal and placed one little foot on the second bar of the grate. He began to talk in a quaint, funny little voice which sounded for all the world like ashes dropping from the fire.

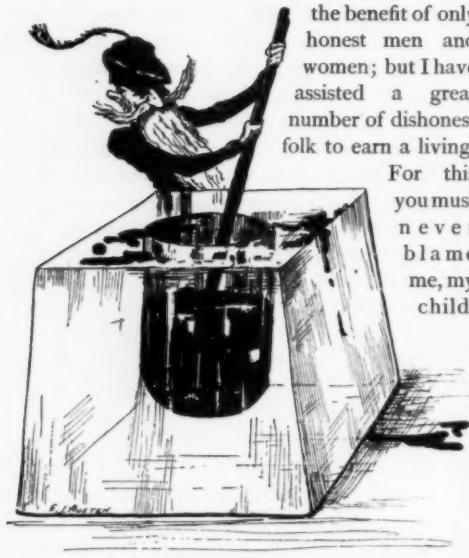
"My name, my dear, is E-ma-ji-na-shun, and I am six thousand years old or older. I have

lost track of my birthday for a long time, but I am just as old as the world. I am the King of the Realm of Fancy, or Cloudland. Indeed I created it, as well as all the people who live in it. I have been acquainted with all the great people that ever lived; and, long after they have died and the history of them has been written, the historians who have lived at a later period have had to come to me for information about them. Sometimes I would forget what I had told them, and tell somebody else something quite different about the same man, but it has made very little difference, and the world has gone on just the same. I invented every story that ever has been written, and have told them to the people who have had the credit of writing them; but they have been such good friends of mine that I have been glad of their success. I am always pleased to make new friends, especially among little girls and boys; and any child who makes a friend of me, and does not neglect me as he grows up, is sure to become famous. But there are many persons who think they are cleverer than I am, and sit down to write without giving me full liberty to stir their ink for them or to ride on their pens.

"I must say, however," he added, with a funny little look at his toes as he swung on the top bar of the grate, "that some people are better without me. I am afraid I have helped to ruin numbers of business men who have come to me for advice instead of going to my brother Common Sense; for I may as well own to you at once, my dear, that I don't know anything at all about business, and I always get the worst of it when I try to have anything to do with it. I have always let Common Sense, and Experience, another brother of mine, look after the printing and selling of my many books; it has been enough for me to do, to invent them."

All the time that E-ma-ji-na-shun had been talking, he had been fidgeting about, first in one position and then in another, so that it had been quite hard at first for Elfie to keep her eyes on him; but as he went on she found it easier. He now selected a very hot piece of coal for a seat, and, crossing his legs, went on :

"I have always tried to use my talents for



STIRRING AN AUTHOR'S INK.

If wicked people will get hold of my ideas, and use them for a bad purpose, I am sure I can't help it. If they would put these same gifts to a good use, they would always do better, as my brother Experience is forever telling them."

"My greatest work in the story-telling line," he continued, in answer to a question of Mr. Krome's, "is, I have always thought, 'The Arabian Nights.'

"I wrote that book centuries ago, and though I could do just as well to-day, if some clever man would only employ me, still people go to that, instead of coming direct to me. Yes, they use the same old stories to-day. They put them in a new dress, and get me to touch them up here and there, disguising them so, sometimes, that even I can hardly recognize them."

While he had been speaking, he had been stirring the coal with his toe until there was quite a cloud of smoke rising up the chimney, and as he came to an end he took off his cap again and held out his hand to Elfie.

"Come, little one, and we will explore the wonderful land you have heard about: My Realm of Fancy, the beautiful country of Cloudland."

Elfie stretched out her hand, and the little man, who seemed as strong as a giant, lifted

the benefit of only honest men and women; but I have assisted a great number of dishonest folk to earn a living.

For this you must never blame me, my child.

her down from the chair. In one second more he had seated her comfortably in a cozy nook he had made for her among the blue wreaths of smoke, and, before the little girl could have an idea of where she was,—pouf!—shoo!—she was up the chimney and out of it, floating away to Cloudland.

Elfie could never tell how she got through the chimney; when she looked at it long after, it seemed quite impossible that she could have squeezed into it. As it was, she never felt it, and was through so quickly that she only caught one glimpse of its black sides.

She could only explain this as one of the wonderful tricks of E-ma-ji-na-shun!

They seemed to float through the air as if they really were part of the smoke upon which they were seated; indeed, when Elfie had partly recovered from her astonishment, and was able to look round, she saw that she had become quite like vapor, and as for old E-ma-ji-na-shun, she could see right through him.

It was a splendid ride through the clear frosty air. Elfie was surprised that she felt quite warm, and when she spoke of this, her guide told her that so long as they were with him, and treated him rightly, persons need never feel heat nor cold nor hunger nor want.

Away they floated over the village where Elfie lived with her parents. She could see quite distinctly the chimney from which they had come, and she was not surprised to be told by the merry old gentleman that, if she chose to spare the time, they could float over



"ELFIE COULD NEVER TELL HOW SHE GOT THROUGH THE CHIMNEY."

the houses of her friends, and he would tell her just what they were to have for dinner, or what they were thinking about; but Elfie was in too great a hurry to explore the Realm of Fancy to delay for other things just then.

Higher and higher they went, till the village

Goose and her children are to have a goose for dinner; and the flakes are the feathers that she plucks from the bird. That is the reason I named her Mother Goose, and," he sagely added, "I made up that story a long time ago, in fact, quite soon after I created the old lady, and I consider that she and her history are among the most successful efforts I ever made in the Realm of Fancy—but here we are!" he cried briskly, "step off carefully upon this rock and we will have dinner at one of my castles in the air."

Elfie almost gasped for breath in her astonishment. The smoke on which she came up had disappeared; the snow, the clouds, were gone, and here she was standing on the wide stone steps of a beautiful castle, just such a castle as she had seen in one of Mr. Krome's pictures. There were the gates, the moat, the drawbridge, the battlements, the portcullis, a burly soldier in iron cap and leather jerkin standing at the farther end of the drawbridge—everything that she had read about in her fairy-story books as being necessary for a "really truly" castle.

"This castle, Elfie, my dear," said E-ma-ji-na-shun, "is your own especial property, and whenever you wish to come here and enjoy it, all you have to do is to shut your eyes and call upon me. I will bring you here before you can count ten. Come along, and let us have dinner."

They crossed the drawbridge, which the soldier on guard had with a tremendous clatter as they came near, and passing under the portcullis entered the lofty hall of the castle. There was a splendid fire of logs blazing away in an enormous fireplace, and coming to meet them were two of the dearest old retainers that ever were read about in any story-book that ever was written.

Immediately they said, both speaking at once, "Dinner is served in the dining-hall!"



"ELFIE SAW THAT THE AIR ALL AROUND THEM WAS THICK WITH SNOW."

became a mere speck beneath them, and the great river a tiny silver thread. They were already among the clouds, when Elfie saw that the air all around them was thick with snow. "Ha! ha!" laughed E-ma-ji-na-shun, "Mother Goose is plucking one of her flock for dinner."

"What do you mean?" asked Elfie.

"Have n't you ever heard of that?" exclaimed the old man. "Whenever it snows on the earth," he said, "it is a sign that old Mother



"THERE WERE THE GATES, THE MOAT, THE DRAWBRIDGE, THE BATTLEMENTS."

and Elfie with E-ma-ji-na-shun lost no time in following them there.

They sat down to a glorious dinner, consisting of everything that Elfie liked, and she was afraid once or twice, as she ordered another help of some of the very best things, that her mama would appear and tell her not to eat so much. But E-ma-ji-na-shun told her that nothing she could eat or do in the Realm of Fancy would ever hurt her.

After she had eaten of every kind of candy

and dessert that she ever had tasted, and a large number she had never seen before, they started out from the castle to see the wonderful things E-ma-ji-na-shun had promised to show her.

#### TRICK THE THIRD.

HOW ELFIE MET THE NORTH WIND, AND WHAT HE SAID TO HER.

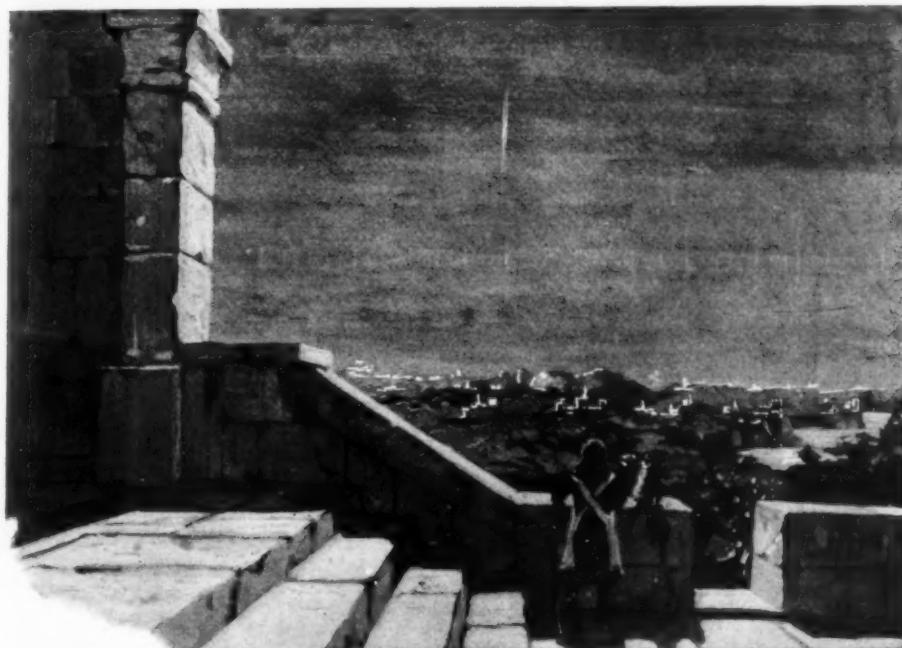
WHEN they had recrossed the drawbridge, passed the soldier, who respectfully saluted



"THEY SAT DOWN TO A GLORIOUS DINNER."

Elfie as if she were a princess, and walked down the great stone steps, Elfie had an opportunity of looking around her and seeing what a really remarkable place this country was. There were hundreds of just such castles as her own to be seen from where she stood, and E-ma-ji-na-shun told her that they belonged to poor people who could not afford to live in a real castle on earth. Far away in the distance was a range of mountains, which glistened so gloriously in the sunlight that she was not aston-

"Hullo, Elfie! is this cold enough for you?" Elfie looked around, and saw what she felt sure must be one of the famous giants she had read about. It was the form of an enormous man, nearly sixty feet high, seemingly made of ice and snow. He had on an ice overcoat, a crown of ice, and a snow beard. His face appeared to be made of strawberry ice-cream, and his legs and feet were two great blocks of frozen snow; his hair was composed of icicles, and under his arm was a tremendous pair of bellows.



"THERE WERE HUNDREDS OF JUST SUCH CASTLES AS HER OWN TO BE SEEN FROM WHERE SHE STOOD."

ished when her guide told her they were made of solid gold and silver.

Many of the trees which grew near the castles had diamonds, emeralds, and rubies hanging on them for fruit.

They strolled on gently, Elfie looking from side to side with delight, when she heard a terrible, rushing, roaring noise, and at the same time felt an icy cold wind blowing past her and into her face. She looked up to see the cause of the cold and the noise, when she heard a big, blustering, boisterous voice shouting:

On looking further, Elfie saw that he had just come from a gigantic cave in the side of an iceberg, which was floating around in a crimson lake.

"How did you leave all your friends, down below on the earth?" he roared.

"How do you know I came from the earth?" said Elfie, who, seeing that E-ma-ji-na-shun was laughing away heartily, was not afraid.

"Ho, ho! don't you know that I visit that place quite often? I am the North Wind. Ha, ha! Whew-w-w!" he whistled. "Have n't you



"I AM THE NORTH WIND. HA, HA ! WHEW-WW ! HE WHISTLED."

been out with your sled in winter, and felt me blow on your nose till it was so numb that you could n't feel it? Have n't I nipped your little fingers and toes, and driven you in crying to mama? Ha, ha, ha!" he shouted till his icy sides cracked, "I remember you, little girl."

Elfie was surprised to find the giant was the North Wind, but she spoke bravely and strongly.

"Well, I don't think you are very kind to little children. I am sure I don't like you a bit, and I wish you would n't speak to me."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the giant, so heartily

the good folks of St. Paul along with their ice-palace, or else they will be grumbling at me finely. So, good-bye, Elfie! Stick to old E-ma-ji-na-shun. He is the best friend of the children, and the old folks as well. Good-bye! Whoop! — Swish! — Whizz! — Whew-w-w — ew!" and away flew the North Wind, leaving a long track of ice and snow to mark his path.

"Like the tail of a comet," said E-ma-ji-na-shun, who had perched himself goblin-fashion on the limb of a tree near-by.

The sight of ice and snow made Elfie think



ONE OF THE PLEASURES ELFIE OWEDED TO THE NORTH WIND.

that a regular shower of icicles fell around his feet. "Ha! ha! ha! That's all you little girls know about it. Why, I am one of the very best friends the children have. I make your blood fly through your body, and force you to run about to keep warm. I give you fine ice to skate on, and freeze the snow so that you can go sleigh-riding. I make you as hungry as a hunter, so that you run home and eat so much that you grow up strong and healthy men and women, able to do something in the world, instead of lolling about all day, and having to be waited on, like the children who never feel my cold healthful breath; but I can't stay talking to you any longer. I must be off to Minnesota to help

of Santa Claus, and E-ma-ji-na-shun, even while he was clambering down from the tree, knew her thought and came running toward her.

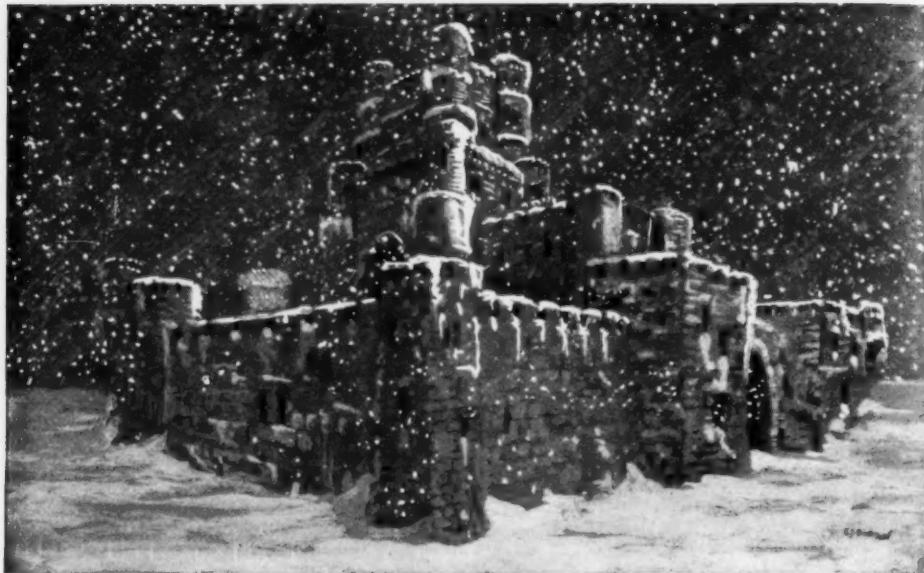
"Come, then, and we will go and see him," said E-ma-ji-na-shun.

"Isn't that splendid!" said Elfie. "Oh, make haste! — please. I'm in such a hurry to see how Santa Claus lives."

"Shut your eyes, turn round three times, and say:

"Linkey, linkey, linkey laws,  
Show me the house of Santa Claus!"

Elfie did as she was told, and in a second she felt herself lifted off her feet and flying through



THE ICE-PALACE AT ST. PAUL.

the air, but, before she could gasp for breath, her feet touched the ground and she opened her eyes.

#### TRICK THE FOURTH.

##### ELFIE VISITS SANTA CLAUS.



HEN Elfie opened her eyes, she saw she was standing, with E-ma-ji-na-shun by her side, before the door of a magnificent palace.

It seemed to be made of ice and decorated with gold and silver, for it shone so in the rays of the sun that it really hurt her eyes to look at it.

There were walks and terraces all round the palace, formed out of snow, and snow trees cut into the most fantastic shapes. Snow men were set along the terraces to serve for statues.

Elfie gave one good look around before she hurried through the archway. There she found herself in an enormous hall, the ceiling of which seemed to reach nearly to the sky; it was hung with icicles and decorated with glass balls of many colors, and was lighted by millions of tiny wax-candles, the same as those Elfie had seen on the Christmas-tree at home.

In the center of the hall, and seated on a most comfortable-looking arm-chair, made of snow, was old Santa Claus, and Elfie sat down on a snow footstool to examine the kind old man who is so beloved by the children of the earth.

Elfie noticed that he was very much like his pictures. His face was round and rosy, and fairly shone with good humor, and his snow-white hair and beard helped to carry out the kind look of his dear old face. He was clothed in a long red robe, lined and edged with white fur; great heavy boots, also lined with fur, were on his feet and legs; his cap was crimson, and his hands were covered by sealskin gloves.

He was surrounded by a number of little goblins, who were all busy doing something to amuse or please the old man.

Some were bringing him food and drink, while others were playing leap-frog over one another's backs so that he could see and enjoy the game. The old gentleman was watching them closely, and every now and then he would lean back and roar with laughter at their antics.

After a little while he looked over to where Elfie was sitting. As soon as Santa Claus saw

the little girl, he called two of the goblins, and told them to bring her to where he sat.

They turned three or four somersaults on their way, and when they reached her, each seized a hand and led her to the King of the Castle.

Santa Claus looked at her very kindly for a moment, and then, bending down in the gentlest way you ever saw, he took her upon his knee and gave her a great sounding kiss.

The noise of that kiss echoed through the hall like the crack of a whip. Back and forth the

me so much. How do you ever get down the chimney? Our chimney is so very little that a great big man like you could never get through."

Santa Claus threw back his head and laughed so loud that another shower of icicles came rattling down. There was such a perfect rain of them that Elfie was half afraid she would be buried under them, but the little sprites kept clearing them away as fast as they fell.

"Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! my dear, you will have to ask our friend E-ma-ji-na-shun about



"IN THE CENTER OF THE HALL, AND SEATED ON A MOST COMFORTABLE-LOOKING ARM-CHAIR, MADE OF SNOW, WAS OLD SANTA CLAUS."

echo went until it was lost far away up in the ceiling, where it made a lot of icicles come clattering down like a shower of needles.

"Well, Elfie, my child," said Santa Claus, "how did you get here? The last time I saw you, you were fast asleep in your little crib. I thought you had caught me surely, once, for you woke up and reached over to see if your stocking was filled, but I managed to make myself invisible till you were asleep again; then I left you all those pretty toys that surprised you so on Christmas-day."

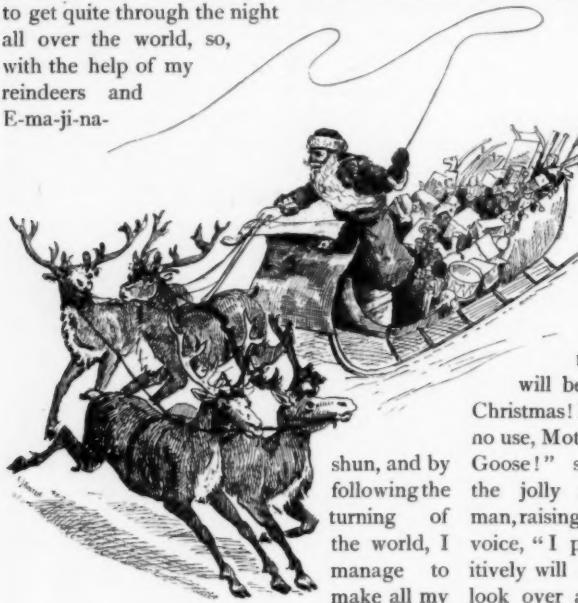
"Oh!" cried Elfie, "that is what has puzzled

that; he's the fellow who helps me out. Whenever I find a chimney is too small (and I generally do, nowadays), I call upon him, and he helps me with his tricks. I don't know how he does it, but he does; and the main thing, my dear, is that, big chimney or little chimney, old Santa Claus gets through just the same."

"But how do you manage to go so far all in one night?" said Elfie.

"Ask your friend again, my dear; that's another one of his tricks. In fact, I am one of his tricks myself, for he made me nearly one thousand years ago, out of a great log of wood,

in the Black Forest in Germany. Of course my reindeers help me to some extent, and then you know that the earth takes twenty-four hours to get quite through the night all over the world, so, with the help of my reindeers and E-ma-ji-na-



morning. But I have to make haste, I can assure you; and I am generally so tired by the time I reach home, that I have to sleep nearly six months of the year to become thoroughly rested.

"Then my little goblins here look after the toy-factory for me, and see to the sending down to the toy-stores on the earth of enough toys to provide for all the birthdays. You may be sure they have their hands full."

While he was speaking, Elfie saw a very funny-looking old woman walking toward them. She was dressed in a black cloak with a red lining; a strange-looking steeple-crowned hat; a red quilted petticoat, short enough to display a pair of very elegant black silk stockings; a red cloak; and low shoes buckled with silver buckles and having very high red heels. Her hair was white

and neatly arranged in a knot, and covered with a net. A pair of large, gold-rimmed spectacles ornamented her hooked nose; she carried a long, crutch-handled stick, and under one arm was a great bundle of papers.

Elfie thought the old lady looked very familiar to her; she felt sure she had seen her or her picture before, and she was just about to ask Santa Claus who she was, when the old gentleman burst out with :

"Oh, dear me, here comes old Mother Goose, with a whole lot of new verses and stories for me to select those that I think will best suit my boys and girls for next

Christmas! It's no use, Mother Goose!" said the jolly old man, raising his voice, "I positively will not look over any verses to-day. I am too tired —besides, I am engaged. Call when I am not so busy."

Elfie thought this was rather absurd, seeing that he seemed to have nothing to do but to watch his goblins play leap-frog and to talk to her.

Old Mother Goose — but I think that Mother Goose deserves a new chapter, so we will make a pause and give her one.

(To be continued.)



ELFIE SAW A VERY FUNNY-LOOKING OLD WOMAN WALKING TOWARD THEM.

## THE STORY OF THE GOLDEN FLEECE.

BY ANDREW LANG.

### II.

#### THE SEARCH FOR THE FLEECE.

SOME years after the Golden Ram died in Colchis, far across the sea, a certain king reigned in Greece, and his name was Pelias. He was not the rightful king, for he had turned his brother from the throne, and taken it for himself. Now, this brother had a son, a boy called Jason, and he sent him far away from Pelias, up into the mountains. In these hills there was a great cave, and in that cave lived Chiron who was half a horse. He had the head and breast of a man, but a horse's body and legs. He was famed for knowing more about everything than any one else in all Greece. He knew about the stars, and the plants of earth, which were good for medicine, and which were poisonous. He was the best archer with the bow, and the best player of the harp, he knew most songs and stories of old times, for he was the last of a people half-horse and half-man, who had dwelt in ancient times on the hills. Therefore, the kings in Greece sent their sons to him to be taught shooting, singing, and telling the truth ; and that was all the teaching they had then, except that they learned to hunt, and fish, and fight, and throw spears, and toss the hammer, and the stone. There Jason lived with Chiron and the boys in the cave, and many of the boys became famous. There was Orpheus, who played the harp so sweetly that wild beasts followed his minstrelsy, and even the trees danced after him, and settled where he stopped playing ; and there was Mopsus, who could understand what the birds say to each other ; and there was Butes, the handsomest of men ; and Tiphys, the best steersman of a ship ; and Castor, with his brother Polydeuces, the boxer ; and Heracles, the strongest man in the whole world was there ; and Lynceus, whom they called Keen-eye, because he could see so far, and he could see the

dead men in their graves under the earth ; and there was Euphemus, so swift and light-footed that he could run upon the gray sea, and never wet his feet ; and there were Calais and Zetes, the two sons of the North Wind, with golden wings upon their feet ; and many others were there whose names it would take too long to tell. They all grew up together in the hills, good friends, healthy, and brave, and strong. And they all went out to their own homes at last ; but Jason had no home to go to, for his uncle, Pelias, had taken it, and his father was a wanderer.

So at last he wearied of being alone, and he said good-bye to his old teacher, and went down through the hills toward Iolcos, his father's old home, where his wicked uncle, Pelias, was reigning. As he went, he came to a great, flooded river, running red from bank to bank, rolling the round boulders along. And there on the bank was an old woman sitting.

" Cannot you cross, mother ? " said Jason ; and she said she could not, but must wait till the flood fell, for there was no bridge.

" I 'll carry you across, " said Jason, " if you will let me carry you. "

So she thanked him, and said it was a kind deed, for she was longing to reach the cottage where her little grandson lay sick.

Then he knelt down, and she climbed upon his back, and he used his spear for a staff, and stepped into the river. It was deeper than he thought, and stronger, but at last he staggered out on the further bank, far below where he went in. And then he set the old woman down.

" Bless you, my lad, for a strong man and a brave ! " she said, " and my blessing will go with you to the world's end. "

Then he looked, and she was gone he did not know where, for she was the greatest of the goddesses, Hera, the wife of Zeus, who had taken the shape of an old woman.

Then Jason went down limping to the city,

for he had lost one shoe in the flood. And when he reached the town he went straight up to the palace, and through the court, and into the open door, and up the hall, where the king was sitting at his table, among his men. There Jason stood, leaning on the spear.

When the king saw him, he turned white with terror. For he had been told that a man with only one shoe would come some day, and take away his kingdom. And here was the half-shod man of whom the prophecy had spoken.

But he still remembered to be courteous, and he bade his men lead the stranger to the baths, and there the attendants bathed him, pouring hot water over him. And they anointed his head with oil, and clothed him in new raiment, and brought him back to the hall, and set him down at a table beside the king, and gave him meat and drink.

When he had eaten and was refreshed, the king said: "Now it is time to ask the stranger who he is, and who his parents are, and whence he comes to Iolcos?"

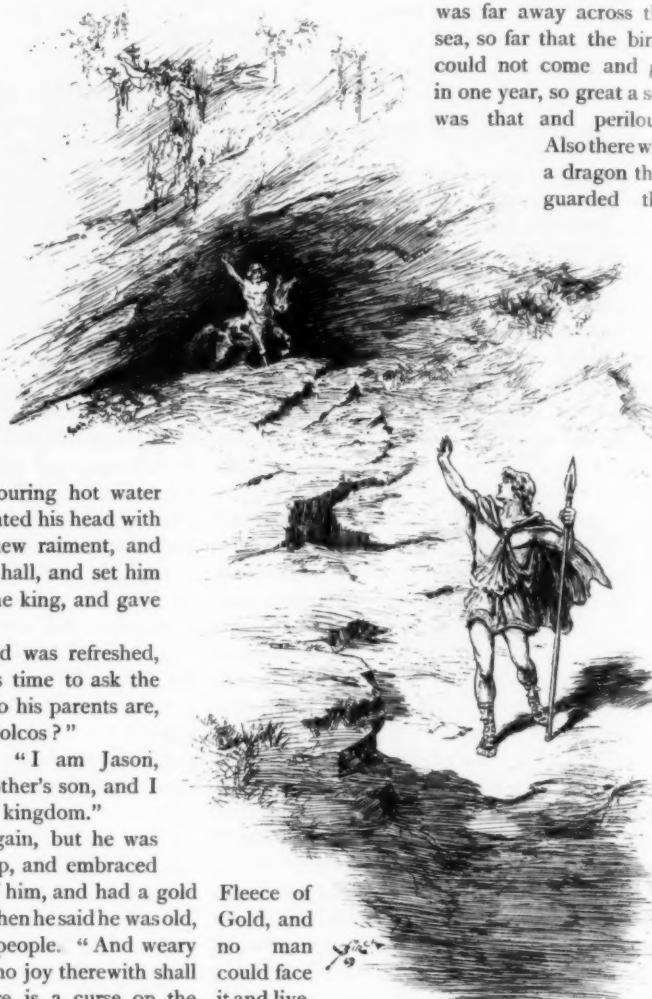
And Jason answered: "I am Jason, Aeon's son, your own brother's son, and I am come to take back my kingdom."

The king grew pale again, but he was cunning, and he leaped up, and embraced the lad, and made much of him, and had a gold circlet twisted in his hair. Then he said he wasold, and weary of judging the people. "And weary work it is," he said, "and no joy therewith shall any king have. For there is a curse on the country, that shall not be taken away, till the Fleece of Gold is brought home, from the land of the world's end."

When Jason heard that, he cried, "I shall take the curse away, for I shall bring the Fleece of Gold from the land of the world's end, before I sit on the throne of my father."

Now this was the very thing that the king wished, for he thought that if once Jason went after the Fleece certainly he would never come back living to Iolcos. So he said that it could never be done, for the land was far away across the sea, so far that the birds could not come and go in one year, so great a sea was that and perilous.

Also there was a dragon that guarded the



JASON LEAVING CHIRON'S CAVE.

Fleece of Gold, and no man could face it and live.

But the idea of fighting a dragon was itself a temptation to Jason, and he made a great vow by the water of Styx, an oath the very gods feared to break, that certainly he would bring home that Fleece to Iolcos. And he sent out messengers all

over Greece, to all his old friends, and bade them come and help him, for that there was a dragon to kill, and that there would be fighting. And they all came, driving in their

meat, and wine on board, and hung their shields with their crests outside the bulwarks. Then they said good-bye to their friends, went aboard, sat down at the oars, set sail, and so



"JASON ANSWERED: 'I AM JASON, YOUR OWN BROTHER'S SON, AND I AM COME TO TAKE BACK MY KINGDOM.'"

chariots down dales and across hills: Heracles the strong man, with the bow that none other could bend, and Orpheus with his harp, and Castor and Polydeuces, and Zetes and Calais of the golden wings, and Tiphys, the steersman, and young Hylas, still a boy, and as fair as a girl, who always went with Heracles the strong. These came, and many more, and they set shipbuilders to work, and oaks were felled for beams, and ashes for oars, and spears were made, and arrows feathered, and swords sharpened. But in the prow of the ship they placed a bough of an oak-tree from the forest of Dodona, where the trees can speak. And that bough spoke, and prophesied things to come. And they called the ship "Argo," and they launched her, and put bread, and

away eastward to Colchis, in the land of the world's end.

All day they rowed, and at night they beached the ship, as was then the custom, for they did not sail at night, and they went on shore, and took supper, and slept, and next day to the sea again. And old Chiron, the man-horse saw the swift ship from his mountain heights, and ran down to the beach; there he stood with the waves of the gray sea breaking over his feet, waving with his mighty hands, and wishing his boys a safe return. And his wife held in her arms the little son of one of the ship's company, Achilles, the son of Peleus of the Spear, and of the goddess of the Sea Foam. So they rowed ever eastward, and ere long they came to a strange isle where dwelt men with six hands



CHIRON'S FAREWELL TO THE ARGONAUTS.

apiece, unruly giants. And these giants lay in wait for them on cliffs above the river's mouth where the ship was moored, and before the dawn they rolled down great rocks on the crew. But Heracles drew his huge bow, the bow for which he slew Eurytus, king of Æchalia, and wherever a giant showed hand or shoulder above the cliff, he pinned him through with an arrow, till all were slain. And after that they still held eastward, passing many islands, and towns of men, till they reached Mysia, and the Asian shore. Here they landed, with bad luck. For while they were cutting reeds and grass to strew their beds on the sands, young Hylas, beautiful Hylas, went off with a pitcher in his hand to draw water. He came to a beautiful spring, a deep, clear, green pool, and there the water-fairies lived, whom men called Nereids. There were Eunis, and Nycheia with her April eyes, and when they saw the beautiful Hylas, they longed to have him always with them, to live in the crystal caves beneath the water. For they had never seen any one so beautiful. And as he stooped with his pitcher and dipped it to the stream, they caught him softly in their arms, and drew him down below, and no man ever saw him any more, but he dwelt with the water-fairies.

And Heracles the strong, who loved him like a younger brother, wandered all over the country, crying *Hylas! Hylas!* and the boy's voice answered so faintly from below the stream that Heracles never heard him. So he roamed alone in the forests, and the rest of the crew thought he was lost.

Then the sons of the North Wind were angry, and bade set sail without him, and sail they did, leaving the strong man behind. Long afterward, when the Fleece was won, Heracles met the sons of the North Wind, and slew them with his arrows. And he buried them, and set a great stone on each grave, and one of these is ever stirred, and shakes when the North Wind blows. There they lie, and their golden wings are at rest.

Still they sped on, with a west wind blowing, and they came to a country of Giants. Their king was strong, and thought himself the best boxer then living, so he came down to the ship, and challenged any one of that crew: and Polydeuces, the boxer, took up the challenge. So the rest, and the people of the country, made a ring, and Polydeuces and the Giant stepped into the midst, and put up their hands. First they moved round each other cautiously, watching for a chance, and then, as the sun shone

forth in the Giant's face, Polydeuces leaped in, and struck him between the eyes with his left hand, and, strong as he was, the Giant staggered and fell. Then his friends picked him up, and sponged his face with water, and all the crew of *Argo* shouted with joy. He was soon on his feet again, and rushed at Polydeuces, hitting out so hard that he would have killed him if the blow had gone home. But Polydeuces just moved his head a little on one side, and the blow went by, and, as the Giant slipped, Polydeuces planted one in his mouth, and another beneath his ear, and was away before the Giant could recover. There they stood, breathing heavily, and glaring at each other, till the Giant made another rush, but Polydeuces avoided him, and struck him several blows quickly in the eyes, and now the Giant was almost blind. So Polydeuces at once ended the combat by a right-hand blow on the temple. The Giant fell, and lay as if he were dead. When he came to himself again, he had no heart to go on, for his knees shook, and he could hardly see. So Polydeuces made him swear never to challenge strangers again as long as he lived, and then the crew of "*Argo*" crowned Polydeuces with a wreath of poplar leaves, and they took supper, and Orpheus sang to them, and they slept, and next day they came to the country of the unhappiest of men.

His name was Phineus and he was a prophet; but, when he came to meet Jason and his company, he seemed more like the ghost of a beggar than a crowned king. For he was blind, and very old, and he wandered like a dream, leaning on a staff, and feeling the wall with his hand. His limbs all trembled, he was but a thing of skin and bone, and all foul and filthy to see. At last he reached the doorway and sat down, with his purple cloak fallen round him, and he held up his skinny hands, and welcomed Jason, for, being a prophet, he knew that now he should be delivered from his wretchedness. Now he lived, or rather lingered, in all this misery, because he had offended the gods, and had told men what things were to happen in the future beyond what the gods desired that men should know. So they blinded him, and they sent against him hideous monsters with wings and crooked claws, called harpies, which fell upon

him at his meat, and carried it away before he could put it to his mouth. Sometimes they flew off with all the meat; sometimes they left a little, that he might not quite starve, and die, and be at peace, but might live in misery. Yet, even what they left they made so foul, and of such evil savor, that even a starving man could scarcely take it within his lips. Thus, this king was the most miserable of all men living.

So he welcomed the heroes, and, above all, Zetes and Calais, the sons of the North Wind, for they, he knew, would help him. And they all went into the wretched naked hall, and sat down at the tables, and the servants brought meat and drink, and placed it before them, the latest and last supper of the harpies. Then down on the meat swooped the harpies, like lightning or wind, with clanging brazen wings, and iron claws, and the smell of a battle-field where men lie dead; down they swooped, and flew shrieking away with the food. But the two sons of the North Wind drew their short swords, and rose in the air on their golden wings, and followed where the harpies fled, over many a sea and many a land, till they came to a distant isle, and there they slew the harpies with their swords. And that isle was called "Turn Again," for there the sons of the North Wind turned, and it was late in the night when they came back to the hall of Phineus, and to their companions.

Now, Phineus was telling Jason and his company how they might win their way to Colchis and the world's end, and the wood of the Fleece of Gold. First, he said, you shall come in your ship to the Rocks Wandering, for these rocks wander like living things in the sea, and no ship has ever sailed between them. For they open, like a great mouth, to let ships pass, and when she is between their lips they clash again, and crush her in their iron jaws. By this way even winged things may never pass; nay, not even the doves that bear ambrosia to Father Zeus, the lord of Olympus, but the rocks ever catch one even of these. So, when you come near them, you must let loose a dove from the ship, and let her go before you to try the way. And if she flies safely between the rocks from one sea to the other sea, then row with all your might when the rocks open again. But if the rocks close on the bird, then return, and do

not try the adventure. But, if you win safely through, then hold right on to the mouth of the River Phasis, and there you shall see the towers of Æetes, the king, and the grove of the Fleece of Gold. And then do as well as you may.

So they thanked him, and next morning they set sail, till they came to a place where high rocks narrowed the sea to the breadth of a river, and the stream ran swift, and the waves roared beneath the rocks, and the wet cliffs bellowed. Then Euphemus took the dove in his hands, and set it free, and she flew straight at the pass where the rocks met, and sped right through, and the rocks gnashed like gnashing teeth, but they caught only a feather from her tail. Then slowly the rocks opened again, like a wild beast's mouth that opens, and Tiphys, the helmsman, shouted, "Row on, hard all!" and he held the ship straight for the pass. And she leaped at the stroke, and the oars bent like bows in the hands of the men. Three strokes they pulled, and at each the ship leaped, and now they were within the black jaws of the rocks, the water boiling round them, and so dark it was that they could see the stars. But the oarsmen could not see the daylight behind them, and the steersman could not see the daylight in front. Then the great tide rushed in between the rocks like a rushing river, and lifted the ship as if it were lifted by a hand, and through the strait she passed like a bird, and the rocks clashed, and only broke the carved wood of the ship's stern. And the ship reeled in the seething sea beyond, and all the men of Jason bowed their heads over their oars, half dead with that fierce rowing.

Then they set all sail, and the ship sped merrily on, past the shores of the inner sea,

past bays and towns, and river mouths, and round green hills, the tombs of men slain long ago. And, behold, on the top of one mound stood a tall man, clad in rusty armor, and with a broken sword in his hand, and on his head a helmet with a blood-red crest. And thrice he waved his hand, and thrice he shouted aloud, and was no more seen, for this was the Ghost of Sthenelus, Actæon's son, whom an arrow had slain there long since, and he had come forth from his tomb to see men of his own blood, and to greet Jason and his company. So they anchored there, and slew sheep in sacrifice, and poured blood and wine on the grave of Sthenelus. And there Orpheus left a harp, that the wind might sing in the chords, and make music to Sthenelus below the earth.

Then they sailed on, and at evening they saw above their heads the snowy crests of Mount Caucasus, flushed in the sunset; and high in the air they saw, as it were, a black speck that grew greater and greater, and fluttered black wings, and then fell sheer down like a stone. And then they heard a dreadful cry from a valley of the mountain, for there Prometheus was fastened to the rock, and the eagles fed upon him, because he stole fire from the gods, and gave it to men. And the heroes shuddered when they heard his cry; but not long after Heracles came that way, and he slew the eagles with his bow, and set Prometheus free.

But at nightfall they came into the wide mouth of the River Phasis, that flows through the land of the world's end, and they saw the lights burning in the palace of Æetes the king. So now they were come to the last stage of their journey, and there they slept, and dreamed of the Fleece of Gold.

*(To be continued.)*



## LITTLE HOLDFAST.

*(A Christmas Story.)*

BY ROSWELL SMITH.

IT was Christmas Eve in a Western city. Lights shone brightly in all the churches where children were gathered for Christmas festivities, singing Christmas songs and receiving Christmas presents, sometimes from great evergreen trees all ablaze with apples, oranges, toys, books, warm mufflers, and warmer mittens for snowballing and coasting. And even when early in the evenings these festivities were over, and a succession of snow flurries had settled into a steady storm, groups of happy children rushed gleefully out into the cold, cheerless streets, shouting and singing as they scattered to wend their way homeward as fast as their young legs could carry them. Lamps in the shop-windows flickered and shone by turns. Door-steps were silently covered with thick drifts of dry snow, or in a moment left bare and dark. Blinds were shut and curtains drawn close to keep out the cold and storm, though nearly every dwelling showed at least one window cheerful with light and warmth, and decorated with Christmas greens.

The snow was falling faster; the wind from the lake rushed up and down the silent streets and played fantastic tricks with the bewildered snow.

Among the boys who had started homeward in the storm, was one laden with presents for his widowed mother. He was a little fellow with an unpronounceable Norwegian surname, which his mates and school-fellows, following only its sound, had translated into "Holdfast." At first he tried to correct the error, but at length he gave that up, and accepted the new name, with its full meaning, resolved to bear it worthily. He went to the day-school, and to the Sunday-school, and gained the approval of his teachers by his faithfulness and his intelligent interest in his work. When a call was made for recruits for the Sunday-school, Holdfast not only brought in more children than anybody else, but he kept them too; for if they were ab-

sent he was sure to look them up; and so it had come to pass that there were in the school several classes known collectively as the Holdfast Brigade.

The room where his widowed and invalid mother lived was in the poorer part of the city, and it was far from the great and beautiful church whose Christmas festival he had attended.

This was before the days of district-telegraph companies, and uniformed and disciplined messenger boys, but Holdfast was known in the city as a kind of express messenger company in himself. It was mainly by his earnings that his mother had lived since her illness. Almost at daylight he would be at the newspaper office waiting for it to open, to get his bundle of papers in time to deliver on a double route, twice as long as that assigned to any other boy—and at morning and at night, before and after school-hours, he was sure to have errands and commissions. Sometimes these would keep him busy far into the night—for he never felt willing to stop and rest until every parcel and every message had been delivered.

This particular Christmas Eve he was to spend with his mother, but while he was bent on his homeward way, sturdily facing the storm, a man hastily dismounted from a horse and recognizing him said: "Here, Franz, hold my horse until I come back," and almost before he knew it the bridle was in the cold little hand, and the man had disappeared in the driving storm. Franz, suppressing a sigh, buttoned his jacket over his presents, and waited, standing first on one foot, and then upon the other. The passers-by took no note of the tired boy and the chilled and impatient horse. One by one the lights in the windows of the city went out. The passers-by became fewer, until the streets were almost deserted. The gas-lamps in the streets flared in the gusts of wind, and

sometimes these too disappeared, blown out by the unusual gusts. The snow fell thicker and faster, and still the boy held the horse. At first the fine animal had been restless, pawing the snow, and snorting as he snuffed the air; but in time he had lost his spirit and surrendered to his misfortune. Then he made friends with

custody, but Holdfast expostulated—he was to hold him, he said, until the rider came back. The official gave expression to a sentiment more emphatic than complimentary concerning the absent owner of the horse, and marched boy and animal to the nearest livery-stable. There he rang the night-bell, and delivered the horse,



"THE SNOW FELL THICKER AND FASTER, AND STILL THE BOY HELD THE HORSE."

the boy, his companion in misery, drooping his head down over the lad's shoulder in the pitiful way in which I have seen a mare brooding over its dead colt. The great alarm-bell in the tower of the city hall slowly pealed out the midnight hour. The city marshal and his little force of night-police began their round of the streets to see that the saloons were closed, and that the belated citizens did not suffer from assaults of the disreputable and lawless,—and so it happened that a watchman discovered the cowering horse and lonely boy.

He at once proposed to take the former into

notwithstanding Holdfast's remonstrances, and, with a threat to lock him up also unless he took himself off, sent the boy home.

By this time Franz felt himself to be strangely weak. He scarcely could make his way through the streets. Even the snow and darkness hardly could make them unfamiliar. Dreamily the boy held his slow course; at one moment, he seemed to see the lights and hear the music of the church, and, at another, everything became confused in his mind; he was leading the horse, and they seemed to be dragging some heavy load between them; then the lights came again and the

music, and he would have lain down to dream, and listen, but for his sturdy habit of moving on, moving on, till his route was completed.

At last he saw the feeble candle-light in his mother's window; he reached the door—and, what did it mean?—he could not turn the handle! He tried again and again, when suddenly the door opened. His mother, who had been anxiously waiting for him, once more had come out to peer into the darkness and call his name. Then he fell down upon the steps. His mother pulled him into the bright warmth of the sitting room, and, with a low cry of distress, began to chase his hands and face, and loosen his clothes. She cried for help in her anxiety; kind neighbors from the adjoining apartment soon came to her aid, for the poor are always kind to the poor. Soon the boy was tenderly cared for and put to bed. His feet and legs were found to be badly frozen, and his fingers numb and swollen.

By and by poor Franz slept, and the city became as silent and noiseless as the falling snow, save the moaning and soughing of the wind, and the clatter of blinds, and the banging of loose shutters.

And the man who had left his horse in the boy's charge—where was he?

It was on Christmas Eve, you know, and he had gone down the street a few steps to get some presents for his little ones, and not finding just what he had looked for, he had been sent by the sleepy salesman to a shop a few doors farther down the street; and there he had met some merry friends, who clapped him upon the shoulder, and laughed and chatted and badgered him gaily as he selected the toys, and insisted upon his getting into their covered wagon with his armful of bundles. They would set him down at his own door in less than no time, they said; and he, as merry as they, full of thoughts of his own little ones, but quite forgetting the horse and that poor, half-frozen boy, enjoyed the jolly drive homeward and was soon warming his toes at his own fireside, the lightest-hearted but most absent-minded man in town, as his friends knew

him to be. He felt that he had done a good evening's work, and he looked upon the storm itself simply as a merry Christmas prank that served only to make matters livelier.

Poor Franz—poor little "Holdfast." Fortunately there were no papers to be delivered on Christmas Day—but it was not for several days thereafter that he was able to get out, and even then, for a time he could get about only by the help of crutches.

The sleighing had been fine, and all the city was alive with merriment and good cheer. In some of the smaller cities of the West, where everybody knows everybody else, there is a kindness and friendship among all classes, that we who live in great cities, and do not know our next-door neighbors, often miss. Franz and his mother had not been forgotten or neglected. The best physician in the place had heard of his illness, and, knowing him well, had come in to see that all went on favorably with the frozen feet.

The man who had forgotten him and the horse, and who, indeed, often forgot for a space his own wife and little ones, did all that money could do to make amends; everybody sent the boy presents; and the Holdfast Brigade was in rather superfluous attendance, if the truth were told. Franz enjoyed all the honors, and many of the disadvantages, of having for the moment become a hero in everybody's estimation.

If you go to his western city to-day, you will hear Franz "Holdfast" well spoken of—an honored though a modest citizen. He does not own the town, and he is not governor of the State. Since that Christmas Eve, everybody knows that Franz "Holdfast" (for the name still clings to him) will keep his promises at whatever cost. Respected by all, he has gained that trust which is the foundation of honor and prosperity. He is master of himself, and a warm friend to small boys—especially on Christmas Eve.

And this is the simple story of the hero of the Holdfast Brigade.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR to us, one and all, my friends—and the kind of happy year, too, that will leave us better than it finds us. There is always room for improvement, even in folks who read ST. NICHOLAS. And now we'll take up

## THE YULE LOG.

WHAT kind of wood is a yule log? It need not come from a yew tree. No, indeed. Yew trees are sad, as a rule; but the yule log always has merry Christmas in its heart, and is cheery even when it is passing away in the bright glow of the hearthstone. There are many pretty stories about the yule log, and as for its being associated with Christmas and jollity, the dear Little Schoolma'am says you have only to search your big dictionaries to find *that* out. Once discover what the word "jolly" comes from, and you will see that words sometimes are most unexpectedly related. In Denmark, in speaking of Christmas Day, they call it "*Yule*" and spell it "J-u-u-l." Now, is n't that queer?

## AN ESKIMO JOURNAL.

I AM not at all sure that any of you, my hearers, wish to subscribe to an Eskimo journal; but if you should have such a thing in contemplation, it might be well for you to begin at once learning the name of one which the Little Schoolma'am says was held in high esteem by the Eskimos as late as 1874. She says it may be even more prosperous to-day, but she cannot be absolutely sure of this as she is not one of its constant readers. Here is the pretty name of this journal:

ATUAGAGLDIUTIT NALINGINARMIK TUSARUM-  
INÁSASSUMIK UNIVKAT.

You will find it mentioned, I am told, in the "Encyclopaedia Britannica," Vol. VIII., page 546,

and its name is thus translated: "*Something for Reading. Accounts of all Entertaining Subjects.*"

## THE WATCH AS A COMPASS.

NEW YORK, November 12th.

DEAR MR. JACK: The other night, when we all were sitting around a big fire, my brother read aloud this astonishing bit of news from the evening paper:

Point the hour-hand of a watch at the sun, that is in a horizontal direction toward the sun. Then the south point will be just half-way between the hour-hand and the XII point.

Well, we were instantly interested, of course, and upon examining papa's watch, it did seem to be as the paper said; but we decided that the best way would be to try it by the real sun itself. It seemed a long way off—but we waited.

And, the next morning, when the sun shone clear and bright, we children tried that experiment with every watch in the house, and *the rule worked perfectly!* Brother Leslie even gave me the little compass from his guard-chain because, as he said, he should n't need it any more. We flew about borrowing everyone's watch, and "trying" till mama said we might as well all have been weather-vanes. We wanted to turn the parlor clock over on its back, but they would n't let us. Yes, sir; morning, noon, and sundown, the rule worked. Ask the boys and girls to try it.

Yours, MABEL J. S.—

## A LONG JOURNEY FOR WHAT?

NEW YORK, Oct. 4, 1890.

DEAR JACK: As you and your chicks seem to be interested to find out things about natural history, I would like to submit this question to their examination. At dinner to-day my eye happened to rest on the milk pitcher. I noticed a fly alight on the rim and put down a grain of sugar, nicely balanced on the edge of the pitcher. Then he rubbed his fore legs together as flies often do—and, trying to take hold of the grain again, he started to walk along the edge of the pitcher. Well, he did not have a good hold of the grain and so dropped it, and it fell into the milk. Now, the question is, what object had he in carrying it, and where was he going? The sugar-bowl was clear across the table, about four feet, so he must have had some reason for his labor. C. B.—

## SEVEN THIRSTY ELEPHANTS.

CHESTERTOWN, MD.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: One day a circus and menagerie train halted at the railway station on its way through this town. Of course there was great curiosity among the railroad men to inspect this queer special train; and with the others the engineer and the fireman of one of the locomotives in the yard left their posts for a short time to see the different menagerie cars.

When they came back and were ready to move their locomotive, they noticed that the cover of the

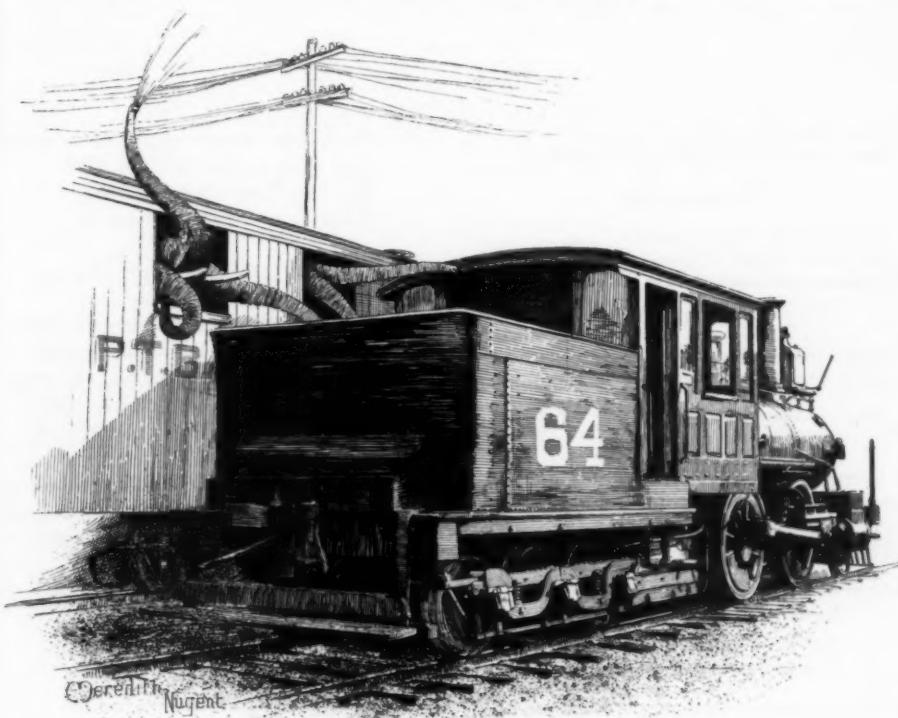
water-tank was open! Further, they luckily discovered that the tank was nearly empty—although it had been full to the brim when they left it.

Such an extraordinary thing had never happened before! No wonder there was great surprise on all sides; every one knew the tank was full when the men had left it; in fact some of the "hands" had seen it filled, neither was there a leak in it, and yet, the tank was empty. The question was, where had the water gone?

Seven thirsty elephants, shut up all day and all night in a car that gave them hardly room to move; their warm bodies fairly touching one another, a paltry allowance of water to quench their thirst, and, then, to be left standing on the hot railroad-track, the sun's rays pouring down

ample, then another, until seven trunks had felt and snuffed around, over engine, tender, and coal. What they sought was not there; but they still kept moving about, and, coming to the water-tank, one of them stopped, felt all over the cover, and at last managed to get the finger-like end under the edge of the cover. Then slowly and carefully it was opened; when, behold! there was what the elephants wanted—water, and plenty of it. The owner of that particular trunk took a long draught, its companions meanwhile shoving and pushing one another, in their anxiety to drink. One after another they filled their trunks with the cool water, and poured it down their dry parched throats.

How grateful! How refreshing! After the long dusty ride, with what keen enjoyment they squirted



THE ELEPHANTS HELP THEMSELVES.

upon the roof of the car, and with only such air as could come through the small open windows! Was it any wonder, when their keen scent told them water was near, that they should search for it? How were they to know that it was not there for their convenience. At any rate, no sooner were the men gone, than through a small window of the elephant car, the dusky trunk of an elephant made its way sinuously out. Another followed its ex-

ample, then another, until seven trunks had felt and snuffed around, over engine, tender, and coal. What they sought was not there; but they still kept moving about, and, coming to the water-tank, one of them stopped, felt all over the cover, and at last managed to get the finger-like end under the edge of the cover. Then slowly and carefully it was opened; when, behold! there was what the elephants wanted—water, and plenty of it. The owner of that particular trunk took a long draught, its companions meanwhile shoving and pushing one another, in their anxiety to drink. One after another they filled their trunks with the cool water, and poured it down their dry parched throats.

How grateful! How refreshing! After the long dusty ride, with what keen enjoyment they squirted

the water over their tired, hot bodies, until they were cool and comfortable.

The mystery of the empty tank was a mystery but a short time. The keeper of the elephants on visiting the car had found it and the elephants deluged with water. A few inquiries, and the matter was explained to everyone's satisfaction.

Yours truly,

M. B. D.



## A GENTLE REMINDER.

By TUDOR JENKS.

*Time: Christmas morning.*

*Scene: Vicinity of everywhere. A cold day.*

### CHARACTERS.

A LITTLE GIRL, who is "not in it."

MR. SANTA CLAUS, a benevolent and well-meaning old gentleman, unusually fond of children.

### COSTUMES.

LITTLE GIRL: à la ragbag.

MR. S. CLAUS: Furs and an engaging smile.

(MR. S. CLAUS enters during a paper snow-storm, carelessly swinging his empty pack.)

S. C.—My work is done, and now my goal  
Is a little north of the old north-pole!

(LITTLE GIRL enters "left." Runs after S. C. and catches his coat.)

L.G.—But, Mr. Claus, one moment stay!  
Listen, before you hurry away;  
Neither in stocking nor on tree  
Has any present been left for me!

S. C.—You 've no present? That 's too bad!  
I 'd like to make all children glad.  
There 's something wrong; the fact is  
clear.  
I 'm very sorry indeed, my dear.

I brought an endless lot of toys  
To millions and millions of girls and  
boys.

But, still, there are so many about  
Some have been overlooked, no doubt!

L. G.—Well, Santa Claus, I know you 're kind,  
And mean to bear us all in mind.  
But I can't see the reason why  
We poor are oftenest passed by.

S. C.—It 's true, my child. I can't but say  
I have a very curious way  
Of bringing presents to girls and boys  
Who have least need of pretty toys,  
And giving books, and dolls, and rings  
To those who already have such things.  
'T is done for a very curious reason  
Suggested by the Christmas season:  
Should I make my gifts to those who need,  
'T would become a time of general greed,  
When all would think, "What shall we  
get?"

"What shall we give?" they would quite  
forget.  
So when I send my gifts to-day  
'T is a hint: "You have plenty to give  
away."

And then I leave some poor ones out  
That the richer may find, as they look about,  
Their opportunities near at hand  
In every corner of the land.  
My token to those who in plenty live  
Is a gentle reminder, meaning

**Give!**

*(Curtain, and distribution of presents by the thoughtful audience after they reach home.)*

## THE LETTER-BOX.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am an English girl, making my first visit to Washington, and I should like to tell you, as you are one of America's great friends, how much I like it.

I have been here since July, and since my arrival I have been to Canada, San Francisco, Chicago, New York, and a great many smaller cities; I think I like New York best of all.

I am traveling with my uncle and eldest brother. I have five other brothers; two are fifteen and seventeen years old, and they live in London with my papa; the others are grown, and one lives in St. Petersburg, Russia; one is in India, with his regiment, and the other is a naval officer. They are all very good to me, as I am the youngest of all, and they pet me a great deal; I think brothers are lovely, but I know some girls who think their brothers are horrid (some of them are).

I remain your loving admirer,

DOROTHEA V. DE C.—

JOY.

(By a young contributor.)

Joy is a beautiful thing—

It keeps sorrow back;

Joy makes the little birds sing,

And the little ducks go quack, quack.

EVELYN H. CHENEY.

NEW ALBANY, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I owe the pleasure of reading you to my uncle, who sends you to me as a birthday present. He could not have thought of anything nicer had he tried for years.

My little brother was once standing by the window during a heavy thunder-storm. He was told to come away and replied. "No, I want to see God light matches."

A good many have mentioned their different ways of making dolls, some with flowers, and some with potatoes; my way is to cut the pictures out of fashion plates, and arrange them in groups, some sitting, some lying down, and some leaning against tables or chairs.

Your sincere admirer,

FLORENCE L.—

TORONTO, CANADA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are two little Canadian children, and we have something to tell you, which we hope may interest you. We have an uncle (by marriage), Chas. Corbould, Esq., who was a midshipman in his Majesty's service at the time of Napoleon's imprisonment at Elba.

The commander of his ship had at one time been a prisoner of war in France, and had received great kindness at the hands of the Emperor. So when his ship was near Elba he resolved to put in there, and go and pay his respects to Napoleon.

It so happened that Uncle Corbould was detailed to go with him on shore; we think he said he was "orderly for the day."

However, he went with the captain on shore, where the latter paid his respects to Napoleon, and, when the interview had ended, the great Emperor turned to Uncle

Corbould, and, laying his hand on his shoulder, said to him in English:

"And you, my little man, how long have you served his Britannic Majesty?"

Affectionately yours,

ARTHUR AND HELEN D.—

WEST POINT, N. Y.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Have you ever had a letter from West Point? I have lived here three years, and like it very much. Of course you know what a lovely spot it is, for it is so near New York. I have lived in the army all my life. I was born at Fort Stevens, at the mouth of the Columbia River. I have lived at seven forts: Fort Stevens, Fort Monroe, Fort Trumbull, Fort Adams, Fort Snelling, Fort Warren, and here; though Fort Snelling and West Point are not real forts. I wonder how many little girls could tell in what States these forts are? I am ten years old. Your friend,

CORNELIA E. L.—

WILLIAMSTOWN, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have a literary cat; he is fond of newspapers. He will not lie in any chair that has not a paper in it. He has a paper for a table-cloth, which he carries on his back to a certain corner of the room, where he is fed. We call him the "Old Man." He is the greatest hunter anywhere around. Nearly every evening at nine o'clock, we hear him calling like an old mother cat, for us to come and see his prize; very often it is a large rat. I have three other nice cats; also pretty colts and calves.

My home is in the beautiful Berkshires, and I love it dearly. Your friend,

HELEN T. M.—

ST. PAUL, MINN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am only a little shaver, three years and seven months, but have taken two of your volumes. Papa and grandma show me the pictures, and tell me the stories, for mama is not living. I have a big dog, and lots of books and toys, and go to kindergarten five mornings a week. I am going to stand in my express wagon to post this.

PERCY ARNOLD R.—

SAN JOSÉ, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wrote you a letter quite a while ago, but it was not printed, and so I try again. Mama says I wrote in too much of a hurry. I never read a description of San José in the Letter-Box. It is a pretty town, situated between two mountain-ranges, in a valley filled with little fruit farms. We can have strawberries every month of the year. Sometimes in winter we can see snow on the mountains, when it is green in the valley. We can see Mount Hamilton from our house. On the summit of it is the Lick Observatory which has the greatest telescope in the world.

There are a great many people from the East and Europe who visit the observatory; they go with a six-horse team. They start about six o'clock in the evening, Saturday, and, after looking at the stars, return at three in the morning. Most people here go to the seaside or to the mountains during the summer months.

Your loving reader, MABEL M.—

## GEORGETOWN CONVENT, WEST WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As I have not seen many letters to you about your charming "Lady Jane," I think I will write you that it is the greatest success of the season. Mrs. Jamison certainly is a delightful writer, and we hope "Lady Jane" will not be the last gem from her pen. Dear Lady Jane is so fascinating, and Tite Souris so comical.

The letter from "An Admirer of the St. NICHOLAS," speaks of "The Iturbide," once the palace of the Emperor Iturbide, and now a hotel in that old city of Mexico. This made me conclude to tell you that we girls have the grave of one of the daughters of the ex-Emperor in our cloister, and the sisters often show it to us when we go through the convent once a year. Perhaps you have read in the life of John Quincy Adams, his reflections on the fleeting honors of this world, while he was crowning the ex-Princess at one of the commencements in this old convent. On Miss Iturbide's tombstone the date, Oct. 2, 1828, seems a long time ago to youngsters. I must say good-bye, dear ST. NICHOLAS.

Yours, MARY W.—

## TUXTLA, MEX.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Papa is the chief engineer on the M. P. L. I have two sisters and one brother.

We have four parrakeets. I have one horse of my own. The natives here are lazy. They wear clothes that do not cost more than two dollars a year. You can buy here six oranges for a cent and a half.

We live in the southern part of Mexico, on the Pacific Ocean. We came from Tonalá here on horseback, one hundred and fifty miles. At one time we were three thousand feet above the ocean, twenty-four miles south of us.

The houses are made of mud bricks; they are square, with a courtyard in the middle.

They raise three crops of corn in a year.

They have coffee plantations here; the coffee is good.

There is a church here that they know, without a doubt, to be one hundred and fifty years old, and many believe to be much older. I have lived here ten months, but I can not speak much Spanish. J. D. O.—

We take the St. NICHOLAS, and sometimes we have a long wait for it. When it comes there is a grand rush for it.

## BUFFALO, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Quebec—quaint, picturesque, old Quebec—was one of the most interesting, by far, of the places I visited last summer, and it may be that a few words concerning "The Gibraltar of America" will not be out of place. I enjoyed the Thousand Islands, the Rapids of the noble St. Lawrence, and sight-seeing in Montreal; but Quebec took me by storm. It is very easy, when strolling about the narrow streets of this fascinating old town, to realize that one is in a city nearly three centuries old, and not hard to realize that one is not at home. The city is intensely foreign in aspect. "Quebec is the most fascinating city I've ever seen," said one Buffalo girl, and I, though I have seen many of the most famous places in both the Old World and the New, consider it one of the most picturesque and interesting I've ever beheld. I boarded, while there, in the family of a French Protestant clergyman, where grace was said at the table in the French language, by a gentleman from Montreux, Switzerland. As we approached the city on the morning of the first of August, and I

looked from the steamer's deck—I could not bear to enter a city like Quebec by rail—to the Citadel, and saw the British colors flying in the breeze, I thought, with a thrill at my heart: "Oh! how much it cost to plant those colors there!" Of course I visited the Plains of Abraham, and saw the Monument with its impressive inscription: "Here Wolfe fell, victorious." There is much to see in this old-time city, and yet when I told a business man whom I met on the St. Lawrence that I had spent a week in Quebec, he exclaimed in forcible, if not classic, diction: "Land! I would n't stay in Quebec longer than a day and a half, if you'd pay me." But I stayed in the old French town a week only to realize that I would like to stay a fortnight. How I enjoyed going up and down Breakneck Staircase, in picturesque Little Champlain Street, strolling up and down the Terrace, where all Quebec walks at will, and looking upon the view of great and varied beauty it commands; going to the Montcalm Market where, on Fridays and Saturdays, the French *habitans* from the surrounding country congregate with their stock of fruits, flowers, and vegetables, and last, but not least, strolling up and down the ancient streets of the Lower Town. Quebec streets have queer names: as, Holy Family, Lachevrotière, D'Aiguillon, Sous Le Fort, etc. But, however much I may enjoy Quebec as a tourist, I'm glad that I don't live there.

I miss Buffalo's shade-trees, Buffalo's verandas, Buffalo's beautiful homes; in short, Buffalo's beauty. Now I am in the "Queen City of the Lakes," and from the window at which I sit and write, I can look out upon the beautiful, blue Niagara, and upon the International Bridge between the British dominions and our own. But I'll not say another word for fear of saying too much.

JULIA B. H.—

## LINCOLN, NEB.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I would write you about my seeing little Elsie Leslie here in Lincoln. She was only here one night; she played in the "Prince and the Pauper," which is one of Mark Twain's stories.

I enjoyed seeing the play ever so much, and would not have been so interested if I had not read that interesting article in your magazine about "Elsie Leslie."

The serial story you just commenced in the November number, entitled "The Boy Settlers," is very interesting to me, because I am familiar with the place in which the scene was laid. All my life till three months ago was spent within twenty miles of Dixon. I have heard my grandfather quite often speak of Father Dixon. My grandfather has seen him a good many times.

My grandfather lives at Fulton, where the Howells and Bryants crossed the Mississippi.

Your devoted reader, BESSIE H. N.—

WE thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them: Margaret H. D., Ethelwynne K., Lilian S., Charlotte T., Gaston O. W. G. and A. B., M. B. C., Monica B., Carrie R. E., W. Neyle C., June B., Harold R. T., Beatrix S. M., William H. H., Sarah E. C., Lycurgus J. W., Katie D., Edward A. H., Paul A. L., Walter F. S., Abigail G., E. P. L., Will D., Clara M., Nannie B. G., Morty J. K., Mary L. B., Josie E. D., A. W. W., Marion R., Winifred C. D., Cora and Mary, Nora M., Charles W., Olive P., Adelaide Y. M., Lilly M., Edith H., Ethel H., Alice H., G. B. S., Cecilia C., Fannie, Elsie, and Louise B., Rose L., S. W. D. and S. M. McL., Yronne, Rita McN., Elsie T., Helen S., Laura Van A., Lucile E. T., Jennie McC. S.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER.

WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Drama. 2. Robed. 3. Abide. 4. Medal. 5. Adele. II. 1. Redan. 2. Evade. 3. Daze. 4. Adept. 5. Nests.

PI. Send the ruddy fire-light higher;

Draw your easy-chair up higher;  
Through the winter, bleak and chill,

We may have our summer still.

Here are poems we may read,

Pleasant fancies to our need:

Ah, eternal summer-time!

Dwells within the poet's rhyme!

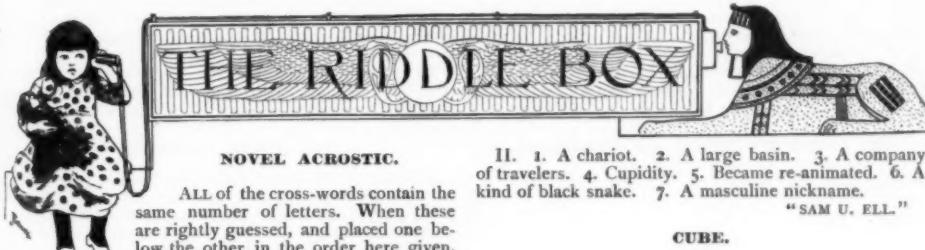
"December" by INA D. COOLBRITH.

CHRISTMAS PUZZLE. From 1 to 14, Sir Isaac Newton; 15 to 26, Christmas Day. Cross-words: 1. Chest. 2. Melon. 3. Tower. 4. Sacks. 5. Diary. 6. Snake. 7. Paint. 8. Fairy.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER were received, before October 15th, from Paul Reese — Maud E. Palmer — M. Josephine Sherwood — Mamma and Jamie — "The McGs." — "The Sisters" — Grace, Edith, and Jo — E. M. G. — Arthur Gride — Alice Mildred Blanke — "Ayis" — Jo and I — "Lehte" — "Mohawk Valley" — Ralph Rainsford — W. L. — Blanche and Fred — "The Owls" — Effie K. Talboys — Nellie L. Howes — Hollie Lapp — Anna Martha and Mabel — John W. Frothingham, Jr. — "Miss Flint" — "The Wise Five" — "The Spencers" — "Uncle Mung" — "Nick McNick" — Ida C. Thallon — Pearl F. Stevens — "A Family Affair."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER were received, before October 15th, from M. Ella Gordon, 1 — Maud E. Palmer, 10 — Rosalind, 2 — Phyllis, 3 — Edith P. J., 4 — Honora Swartz, 5 — "The Lancer," 6 — A. H. Stephens, 7 — R. MacNeill, 8 — C. Bell, 9 — A. M. Robinson, 10 — Clara and Emma, 11 — Mabel S. Meredith, 12 — G. V., 13 — Katie M. W., 14 — Grace P. Lawrence, 15 — H. M. C. and Co., 16 — A. P. C., 17 — S. W., and A. W. Ashurst, 18 — Nellie, Allie, and Lily, 19 — Z. N. Z. K., 20 — B. and Soda, 21 — Elsie LaG. Cole, 22 — Clara, 23 — Charles Blackburne Keefer, 24 — W. W. Linsky, 25 — Eliza F. D., 26 — H. A. R., 27 — "Two Dromos," 28 — Victor V. Van Vorst, 29 — Paganini and Liszt, 30 — Lisa Bloodgood, 31 — Hubert Bingay, 32 — "Pye," 33 — Sissie Hunter, 34 — Robert A. Stewart, 35 — Mabel S. R., 36 — "Amer," 37 — Grandma and Arthur, 38 — "May and 79," 39 — M. H. Perkins, 40 — "Rector's Daughter," 41 — Mary S. K., 42 — Nellie and Reggie, 43 — "Charles Beaufort," 44 — Camp, 45 — Emily Dembitz, 46 — "Squire," 47 — H. P. H. S., 48 — "The Nutshell," 49 — Bird and Moll, 50 — Rachel A. Shepard, 51 — Arthur G. Lewis, 52 — Alex. Armstrong, Jr., 53 — C. H. P. and A. G., 54 — Eugenie De Stael, 55 — Adele Walton, 56 — "Wallingford," 57 — Dora Newton Bertie, 58 — A. O. F., 59 — "Mr. F's Aunt," 60 —



### NOVEL ACROSTIC.

ALL of the cross-words contain the same number of letters. When these are rightly guessed, and placed one below the other, in the order here given, the first row of letters, reading downward, and the third row, reading upward, will both spell the same holiday.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. An old word meaning a watchword. 2. A subterfuge. 3. Stuffing. 4. Relating to the day last past. 5. Sooner. 6. Similarity. 7. Pertaining to the Rhine. 8. Cunning. 9. A rich widow. 10. A salt formed by the union of acetic acid with a base. 11. Citizens of New England.

ARTHUR GRIDE.

### WORD-SQUARE.

1. A black bird. 2. To love. 3. Elects. 4. Upright.  
5. Abodes.

E. H. LAWRENCE.

### OCTAGONS.

I. 1. A vehicle. 2. A scriptural name meaning a palm tree. 3. Pertaining to heat. 4. A musical term meaning in a tender, slow manner. 5. The degree of honor above a knight. 6. Ascended. 7. A small house.

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SCOTTISH DIAGONAL PUZZLE. Diagonals: Hogmanay. Cross-words: 1. Hebrews. 2. Holyrood. 3. Bagpipes. 4. Balmoral. 5. Margaret. 6. John Knox. 7. Galloway. 8. Waverley.

ANAGRAM. Oliver Wendell Holmes.

OBlique RECTANGLE. 1. P. 2. Bet. 3. Bides. 4. Pedants.

5. Tensile. 6. Stipend. 7. Slender. 8. Endured. 9. Derived.

10. Revived. 11. Devon. 12. Den. 13. D.

HALF-SQUARES. 1. Batmas. 2. Avert. 3. Teas. 4. Mrs.

5. At. 6. N. 7. I. 8. Ecuador. 9. Canson. 10. Unite. 11. Ante.

12. Doe. 13. Oh. 14. R.

DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Christmas, mistletoe.

COMPOUND DOUBLE ACROSTICS. I. Cross-words: 1. Trig. 2. Anne.

3. Rest. 11. 1. Pair. 2. Arno. 3. Raft. 11. 1. Anti. 2. Sear.

3. File.

WORD-BUILDING. I, in, sin, pins, snipe, ripens, pincers, princess.

II. 1. A chariot. 2. A large basin. 3. A company of travelers. 4. Cupidity. 5. Became re-animated. 6. A kind of black snake. 7. A masculine nickname.

"SAM U. ELL."

### CUBE.

1	2
5	6
7	8
3	4
6	7

FROM 1 to 2, a castle; from 2 to 4, referees; from 1 to 3, a large kettle; from 3 to 4, races; from 5 to 6, clear; from 6 to 8, fatiguing; from 5 to 7, oriental; from 7 to 8, opinions; from 1 to 5, to give up; from 2 to 6, one; from 4 to 8, drinks a little at a time; from 3 to 7, part of the day.

"KETTLEDRUM."

### WORD-BUILDING.

1. A vowel. 2. A preposition. 3. A color. 4. A small lake. 5. A retinue. 6. Ranking. 7. Pulling apart. 8. A city in Africa. 9. Conquering. 10. A superficial knowledge.

ELDRED AND ALICE.

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and placed one below the other, the prisimals will spell the name of one who was "without fear and without reproach"; the finals will spell the surname of a President of the United States; the prisimals and finals connected will spell the name of an author and traveler who was born on January 11, 1825.

CROSS-WORDS : 1. A covering for the head. 2. A fleet of armed ships. 3. Annually. 4. Starry. 5. A kind of rust on plants. 6. A circuitous route. C. D.

## DIAMOND.

1. In thimble. 2. A useful article. 3. Always on hand. 4. An Australian bird. 5. In thimble.

A. W. ASHHURST.

## REVERSALS.

EXAMPLE : A recompense ; to suppose. Answer, deem, deem.

1. A coal wagon ; a place of public sale. 2. A famous island ; having power. 3. A deceiver ; to reproach. 4. The place where Napoleon gained a victory in 1796 ; an object of worship. 5. A volcano in Sicily ; a Latin prefix. 6. Active ; calamity. 7. One quarter of an acre ; entrance. 8. To boast ; clothing. 9. Wounded ; the god of love. 10. To glide smoothly ; an animal. 11. Therefore ; an imaginary monster. 12. To look askance ; a dance. 13. A share ; a snare. 14. An exclamation of contempt ; a band of wood.

All of the words described are of equal length, and, when reversed and placed one below the other, the initials will spell the name of an authoress who was born in England on January 1, 1767.

DYCIE.

## ST. ANDREW'S CROSS OF DIAMONDS.

I. UPPER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In lances. 2. A decree. 3. Limited to a place. 4. Concise. 5. Diminished in size. 6. A cover. 7. In lances.

II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In lances.

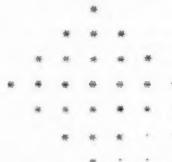
2. A sailor. 3. Wearies. 4. A traveling menagerie. 5. To carouse. 6. The chemical term for salt. 7. In lances.

III. CENTRAL DIAMOND: 1. In lances. 2. Three-fourths of a word meaning mysterious. 3. Natives of Denmark. 4. Part of a soldier's outfit. 5. A bird. 6. A diocese. 7. In lances.

IV. LOWER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In lances. 2. To injure. 3. A word used in architecture, meaning the plain surface between the channels of a triglyph. 4. A design colored for working in mosaic or tapestry. 5. To perch. 6. A drunkard. 7. In lances.

V. LOWER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In lances. 2. A fish. 3. A mistake. 4. Irritable. 5. To free from restraint. 6. To deplore. 7. In lances. F. S. F.

## PENTAGON.



ACROSS: 1. In Congress. 2. A vulgar person. 3. The Christian name of a poor toy-maker in "The Cricket on the Hearth." 4. The Indian cane, a plant of the palm family. 5. Modest. 6. A place of exchange. 7. To look for.

By cutting off the last letter of the fifth word, the last two of the sixth, and the last three of the seventh, a complete diamond will be left.

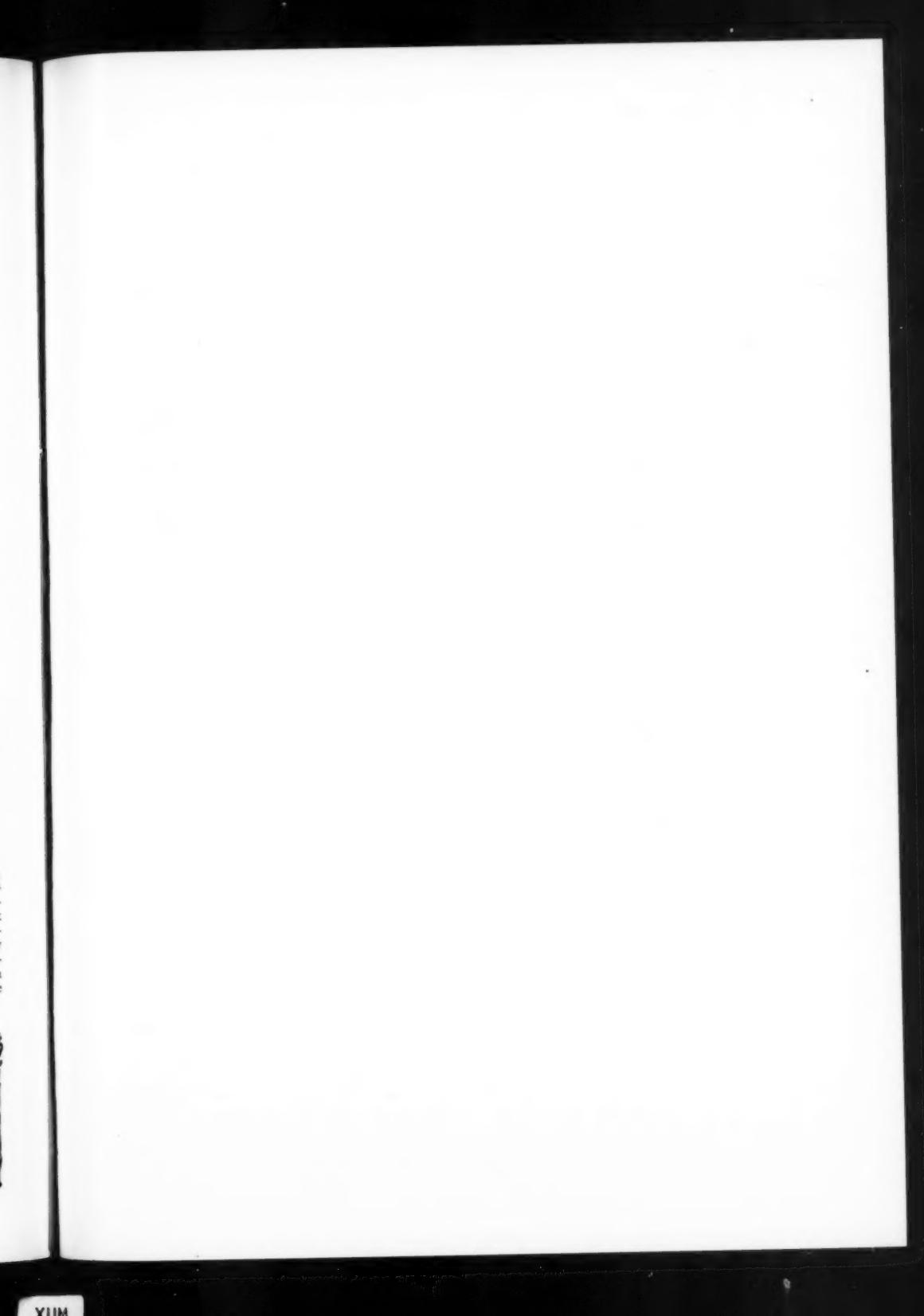
COUSIN FRANK.

## NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of one hundred and twelve letters, and am a quotation from an essay entitled "New Year's Eve."

My 41-32-98 is large. My 76-94-47-18-10 is a young person. My 62-37-112-50-80 is to draw up the shoulders to express indifference. My 83-67-22-26-104 is part of a rake. My 6-73-88-59-44 is a small table. My 64-54-3-15-24-100-86 is a large boat with two masts, and usually rigged like a schooner. My 57-70-8-34-102 is to boast. My 43-96-49 is to dress in a fanciful manner. My 91-30-79 is an inhabitant of Hungary. My 107-1-53-110 is solitary. My 39-7-74-71 is in a short time. My 12-81-9-55 is to mulct. My 2-28-97 is marsh. My 90-65-52-4 is the hair of sheep. My 48-61-78-20-105 is tumult. My 68-101-25-31-58-14 and my 106-109-82-63-17-46, each names a marine bivalve. My 36-11-40-84 is one of an ancient tribe who took an important part in subverting the Roman empire. My 51-92-103-33-77 is to hurl. My 29-42-108-45-23 is a norm. My 16-75-69-72-19-38 is a package. My 93-27-13-95-66-85-99-5-111-60-21 is the author of the quotation on which this enigma is founded, and my 87-89-35-56 is the name under which he wrote. "CORNELIA BLIMBER."





PAWLS.

GEORGE WILSON EDWARDS 1897



AN OLD-TIME VALENTINE.